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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 15, 1938
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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 15, 1938

ROYAL WEDDING IN ATHENS

The Diadoch Paul, Heir Presumptive to the Greek Throne, with His Bride, Princess Frederica, and Her Mother, the Duchess of Brunswick

Fifty-five Royal guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Prince Regent and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, and Crown Prince Michael of Rumania, were present in Athens last Sunday when the popular Diadoch Paul, brother of King George II of the Hellenes and heir-presumptive to the throne, was married to Princess Frederica, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, granddaughter of the ex-Kaiser, and great-great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. In spite of the bitter weather the streets were thronged for the occasion which afforded a display of pageantry and pomp rarely witnessed in the city these days. The marriage service was conducted by Chrysostomos, the Archbishop of Athens and Primate of Greece, attended by the entire hierarchy of the Church of Greece. The golden crowns used at all weddings of members of the Greek Royal Family were held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom by the best man, Prince George, the bridegroom's uncle, assisted by the Crown Prince of Rumania, his nephew, and by the bride's brothers and other young Princes. The giving of the blessing by the Archbishop was announced to the public by a salute of 101 guns on shore and of 21 from the warships anchored off the Piraeus. The bridal couple left the cathedral amid enthusiastic cheering and loudly-voiced wishes from the crowd for their long life and happiness, driving in the State coach to the Palace, where the Protestant wedding ceremony was conducted by Pastor Ostermann

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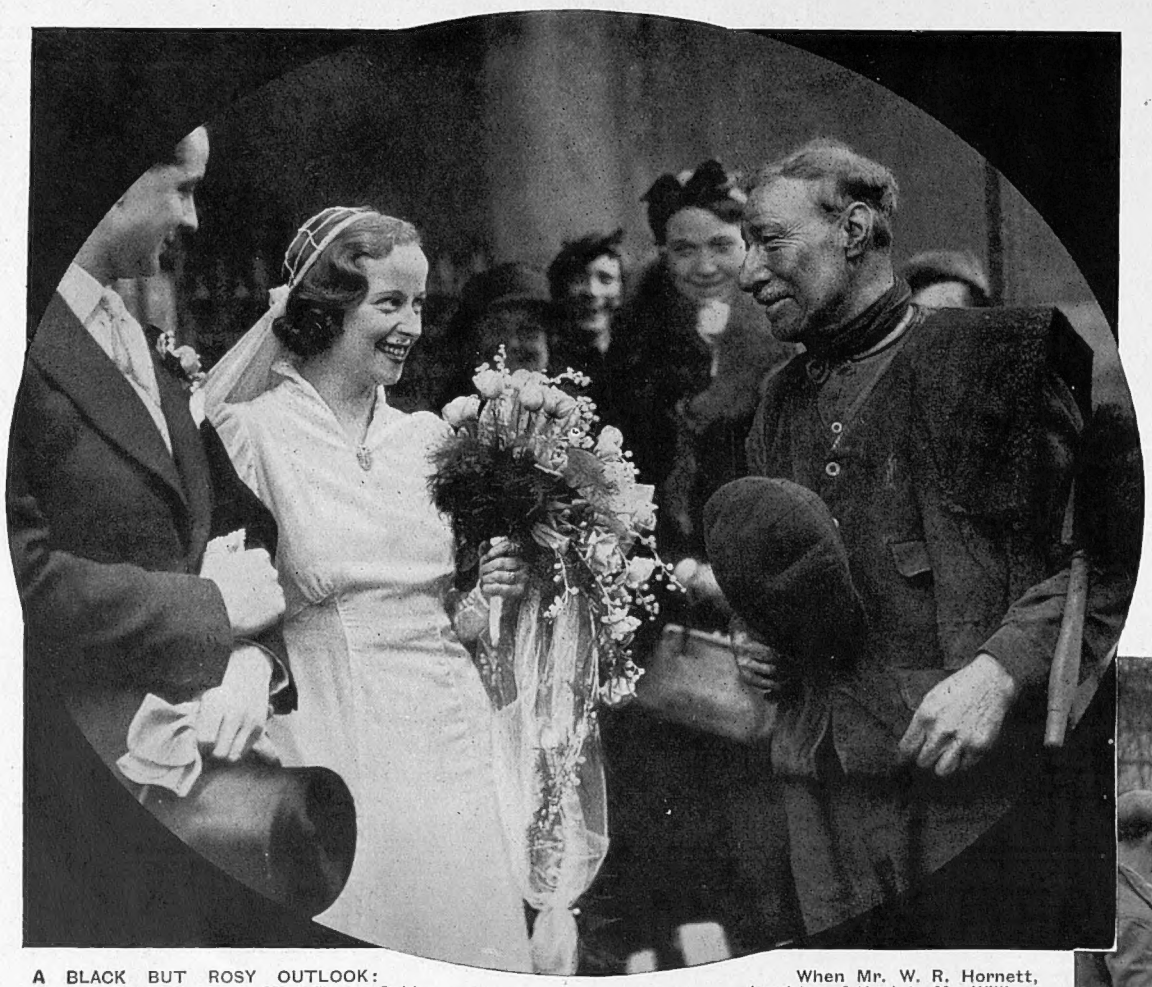


A BLACK BUT ROSY OUTLOOK: When Mr. W. R. Hornett, of Wimbledon, and Miss Nance Calder, daughter of the late Mr. William Calder, of Glasgow, left St. Columba's, Pont Street, after their wedding, a sweep was there to congratulate them, thus, in the superstitious tradition, ensuring the bride and bridegroom good luck

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, January 12, 1938.

PALESTINE AVENUES.—Six months have gone by since Lord Peel's Royal Commission reported, advising the partition of Palestine into Arab and Jewish States and a mandated zone comprising the Holy Places. During those months the Government at home expressed general agreement in principle (end of July) and the Mandates Commission and the League did the same in August and September. During the half-year the report has been also studied on the spot by Jews and Arabs and British residents and on the whole found little to recommend it. Admirable indeed in theory, in practice unworkable. The findings moreover have been a weapon for agitators who have not failed to drop poison in the ears of the more ignorant Arab or the more obstinate Jew. All Arabs, for example, would be kicked out, neck and crop, from Galilee. The new Jerusalem (outside the walls) would be reft from the Jewish State whose most important community lives there and remain under Mandate, while at least a quarter million Arabs would remain to trouble the administration of the new Jewish State. As a result of these and many other "readings" of the Report and of the animadversions thereon of the Home Government, men of moderation and good will on both sides have not had a chance to get together and to examine the proposals constructively. On the contrary, the Peel Report has been a cause of the resumption of disorder, and the six months of inaction which our Government hoped might be employed in conciliation and constructive examination by rival interests on the spot have borne no good fruit. But the Government was far-sighted, in that its acceptance in principle was entirely vague and it has been able now to deny categorically half-a-dozen assumptions which agitators have read into its general acceptance. Now, as most people supposed, it is clear that nothing can in fact be done to implement any of the Peel recommendations until at least a year after their publication. Sometime in March a technical Commission will go out to Palestine and study the terrain (again) to see whether a dozen theories can be turned into practice and to make counter proposals for those which clearly cannot. Their work must take three, and may take six, months and thereafter the Mandates Commission and League and of course the Home Government must examine the whole position again. The only good that can come from this long delay in action is that a general reaction against violence may set in and the country settle down once more. That hope was not fulfilled during the first six months of marking time. It can only now be fulfilled if the new Commission begins without delay to nail down the lies and dissipate the fog of doubt and suspicion investing the Peel Report.

WOUNDED AMBASSADOR RETURNS: Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, who last year was seriously injured by Japanese airmen when driving from Nanking to Shanghai, pictured with his wife and elder daughter at Victoria Station on arrival back from the East. He is now having a prolonged rest

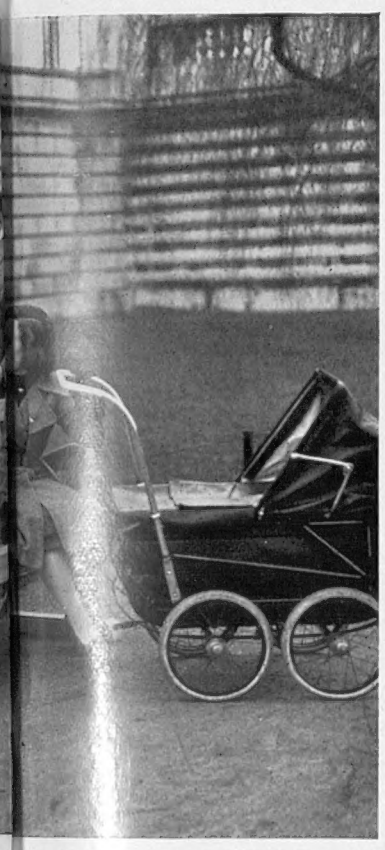
THE WINTER EXHIBITION.—With the exception of King Carol's El Greco, every one of the famous masterpieces of art in the seventeenth century now on view at Burlington House is loaned from the public and private collections of this country. It is a proud thought, yet also a humbling thought. For if you examine closer, you find that our country's contribution to this famous impetus to the art of painting, the influence of which is still after 300 years potent, was a contribution rather of wealth and patronage than of genius. You may quote the epigram "The Germans in Greek," when you put in to the noble list of masters of that epoch's art the British contingent. Van Dyck, Lely, and (panting behind them) Kneller are the British contingent—and *all* were foreigners! We had no one of our blood to include in the mighty roll of Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez; of Poussin, Claude, Vermeer. But your pride picks up when you go into the great gallery devoted to miniature painting, mother of the art of water-colour, two arts peculiarly glorified by the natural genius of the Briton. Hilliard removes our reproach, Cooper, Oliver and Hoskins, and these men led the way to the triumphs of Sandby and the great water-colourists down to Cotman. As for the famous pictures here displayed, nothing more gorgeous was ever before assembled. No age of painting ever combined so much splendour with so much competence. It is no minor triumph for Britain that in that great age we had at least the taste to appreciate, the wealth to commission or buy, and the great rooms in which to hang those splendid masterpieces. For without patrons there is no art, for there is no stimulus to excellence. This is a chance which may never come again. Some of these masters have preserved in its original colour and texture the wall space they have occupied in private palaces for two centuries and more. They will return to cover those spaces again. But for how long? Most great English country houses have an "expectation of life" of one generation more. An ordinary individual (like you and me) might usefully spend hours and hours this winter among these glories, and those hours could not be more wisely spent outside. For if you cut out all those famous oil paintings, you could find profit and delight enough among the small fry.

PEDIGREE BENCHES: These seats have been presented to St. James's Park by the King and Queen and, together with others provided by public subscription, serve to commemorate the Coronation, and add measurably to the amenities of the Royal Parks. The scheme was inaugurated by Sir Philip Sassoon

ROOSEVELT AND ITALIAN PETULANCE.—Mr. Roosevelt's speech was awaited with great interest and came as something of a bathos. He reiterated his November points—impossibility of maintaining ultra-neutrality, the immorality of dictator nations, and so forth—and he added an interesting point, his own strong belief that dictatorships will die away in due course and yield once more to democratic government, the only safety for civilisation and the only form of government permanently endurable to modern peoples. Although his references to "Big Business" were in the main restrained and even conciliatory, he said very little to comfort or win over those business interests which regard his policy with so much alarm and suspicion, and whose rooted dislike of his squandermania contributed so greatly to America's financial panic and trade recession. His speech will doubtless increase the petulance of Italy as expressed in her semi-official press organs, as already have our first quite successful counter propaganda broadcasts in Arabic. This Italian petulance, even through the vehicles which express it, is becoming something more than

a nuisance. It is sad to reflect that only a decade ago we and other neighbours of Italy would have taken it so lightly and even contemptuously. It drives home the lesson that, under world conditions obtaining to-day, there is only one effective instrument for maintaining peace with dignity and the outward forms of mutual respect among the nations, and that instrument is armaments. Let us hope the day is not far distant when the great democracies may once again regain the courage necessary to restore that dignity in international relations.

HIGHWAY LAWS.—Highway laws may be made simpler, or they may not. A committee has been appointed by one or two ministries concerned to examine the existing law and to prepare "one or more bills" to secure simplicity. If you want a thing done in England you start of course by setting up a committee, and to be on the safe side you secure the services on that committee of every individual



who may know something about the subject. The Highway Committee has eighteen members (all of whom must raise their voices at every sitting or be proved incompetent), and I expect it has power to co-opt. Simplification therefore may not follow instantly; millions and millions of words must be poured out and written down and typed and printed before we come to hear of proposed drafts of "one or more" bills. It is not asked to amend the law, but to codify it. It will find the highway law a comparatively simple business from the time of the Roman occupation to the Reform Bill era. But the last century has made good the deficiency in enactments, and to-day laws exist so all-pervading, so obscure, so stultifying, that no single authority can lay hands on any road without encroaching on the functions of another, and no lawyer can find out what enactment is obsolete, what contradictory, and what (if any) sound. These eighteen gentlemen are asked to codify the contents of an early-iron age midden and when they have done their work it is anticipated by the Ministers of Transport and of Health that they will be able to widen a road and lay a pipe along it at one and the same time. Which is good news for our grandchildren if motor cars are not mere museum pieces when the New Road Code is passed by both Houses of Parliament, if there are two Houses of Parliament on that great day. Lord Amulree, the Chairman, is seventy-seven in 1938. It may suggest itself to him to save time by splitting up the work between nine sub-committees, Roman, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, etc., or parish law, highway board law, rural district council law, etc. For life is short and tongues long, and a concise, simple codification of British Statutes has never yet been obtained (even in the case of Real Property) and even by a small committee of acute legal minds. But it's a long lane that has no turning, and Time and Chance at last reduce the largest of Committees to a workable size.

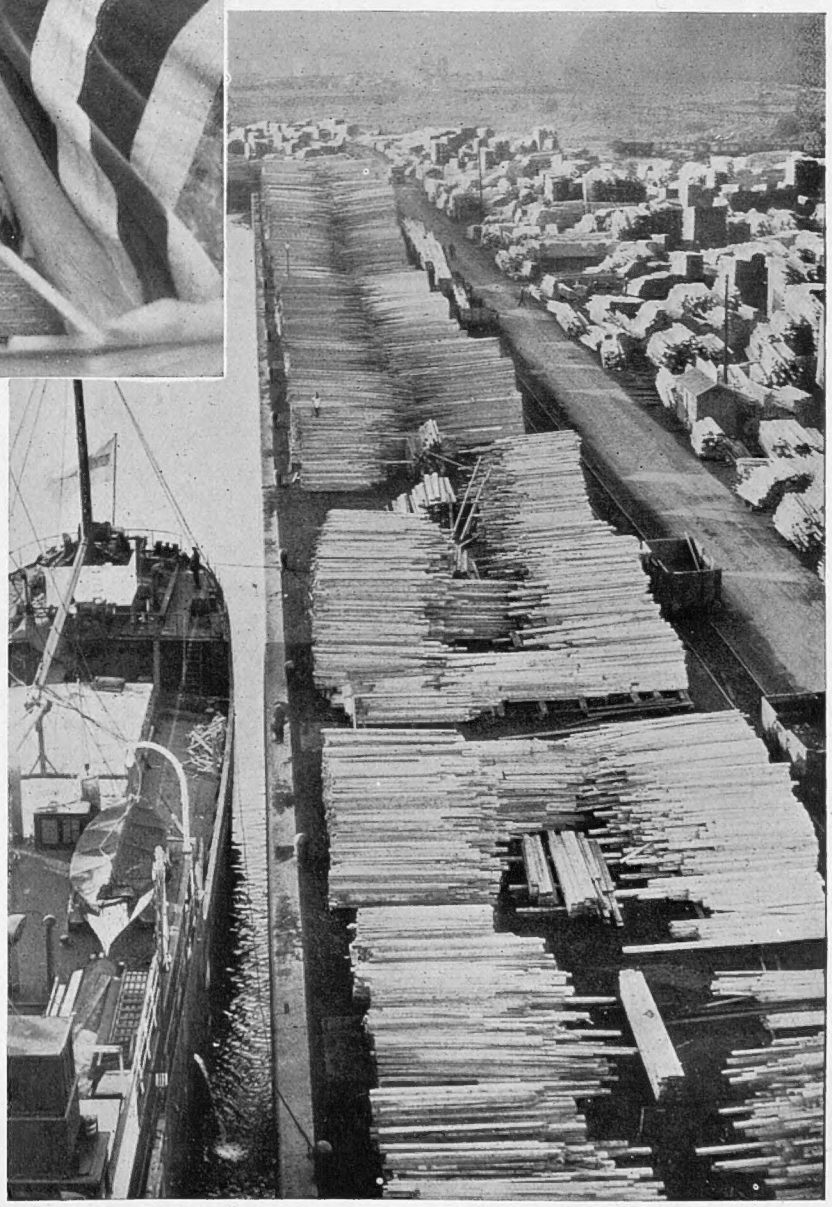
"THIS ENGLAND."—The marriage of Low to *This England* (welcome weekly feature and daughter of *The New Statesman*) in a pamphlet is a friendly, uncontentious affair but none the less a fine corrective and stimulus to journalists, high and humble. I take no credit to myself that I have never yet been caught in that pillory of journalese, for I well know that for years not a week has passed but I have deserved or just avoided deserving a "mention." And why or why not? Most of the egregious examples of things "better expressed differently" in the current press owe their faults to certain well defined conditions. Imprimis, the need to write often *in a hurry* or when overtired. Secondly, a desire to give the public for whom you believe you write that which you believe they want to read (or perhaps believe they ought to want to read). Thirdly, last minute expedients to fill column space. And fourthly, a natural desire to adorn a special occasion. Hence most of these egregious examples of the purple passage (or adulation gone mad) at Coronation time. *This England* indeed in a friendly way pierces the joints in the vulnerable harness of journalism. Muddled thinking, blatant idolatry or partiality, lack of proportion, lack of humour, glaring inaccuracy, all these things can usually be corrected by revision or second thoughts. The headline or caption, like that angry letter dashed off in heat, is a prime example of the danger of hasty writing and the virtue of reconsideration. But it is fair to admit that the worst "howlers" pilloried were expressions of opinion by newspaper *readers*. Let me give a few examples of Fleet Street Howlers emitted during the long delirium of the Coronation Season. (1) "The Queen's powder blue lace dress and tilted wide-brimmed hat made the garden party seem more real." (2) "The King's own musical tastes are eclectic. He likes the very new as expressed in 'Jazz.' He is also a lover of the bagpipes, which retain the qualities of the most austere and primitive art. For music of the intervening periods he evinces less interest." (3) "When our sovereign was born, he was given, among other qualities, the rare boon of youth." (4) "Much as we all admired — even worshipped — King Edward VIII as Prince and King, it was well known that he was not personally a philatelist." Good as these examples of loose, muddled writing are, the best in the collection are from the pens or tongues of correspondents to newspapers, or reports of dicta by local pundits on questions of the hour. Among such pundits, none can go further in bias, futility, and lack of humour than the arch-protagonists and arch-antagonists of blood-sports.

THE ARMENIAN CHRISTMAS was celebrated in London last Sunday when 500 members of the Armenian Church gathered outside St. Sarkis', Iverna Gardens, Kensington, to hear their bishop read the lesson. He was a resplendent figure in his crown and elaborately embroidered ceremonial robes

"D. N. B." 1922–30.—I spent some of the holidays reading the new volume of *D.N.B.* which covers the years 1922–30 and is the last to be issued under the ægis of Mr. Weaver. It includes such names as Lord Oxford, Mr. Bridges, Lord Bryce, Lord Cave, Curzon, Conan Doyle, Haldane, Haig, Northcliffe, W. H. Hudson, Bonar Law, Lansdowne, Morley, Methuen, Milner, Newbolt, Birkenhead, to name a few at random. One thing strikes one at once. The method of approach to the subjects clearly reflects the modern tendencies in biography. I do not say that "debunking" is the keynote, but a trenchant criticism throughout disperses much of the golden mist which usually invests notable men for at least a generation after their deaths. More than that, it manages to produce studies far more critical and less adulatory than those (in earlier volumes) written when time itself had dispersed that golden mist or halo.

WEST TO HOBBS' POINT.—The road from Gloucester to Pembroke and Tenby is by no means an open road in winter. It is an incalculable winter journey since you may cover the 150 miles at an average speed of 36 m.p.h. or you may run into fog, or meet snow and ice on the Brecon passes, and then, if further progress is impossible, in winter at least you may find cold comfort indeed. Yet most years at this season I throw myself on the road's mercy and the chances of weather, and gobble or chew the miles to Hobbs' Point. And when I get there, soon or late, the effort is worth while. In the strange light that plays over that almost island of Pembroke you win back a full hour of the afternoon, feel the sun's power when you have not seen the sun for a fortnight and revel in a *mi-carême* of spring beside golden, deserted coves of smoothest sand, with a Riviera sea breaking gently on the strangely shaped rocks, dark red cliffs falling into the blue, and seals and many enchanting sea-birds to keep your interest alive; you find veronicas in bloom and jasmine and daphnes, and above the cliffs the golden gorse, and feast your eyes once more on colour after two months of starvation. Sometimes it is easier and quicker to seek these things in the South of France, but Little-England-beyond-Wales is no bad substitute.

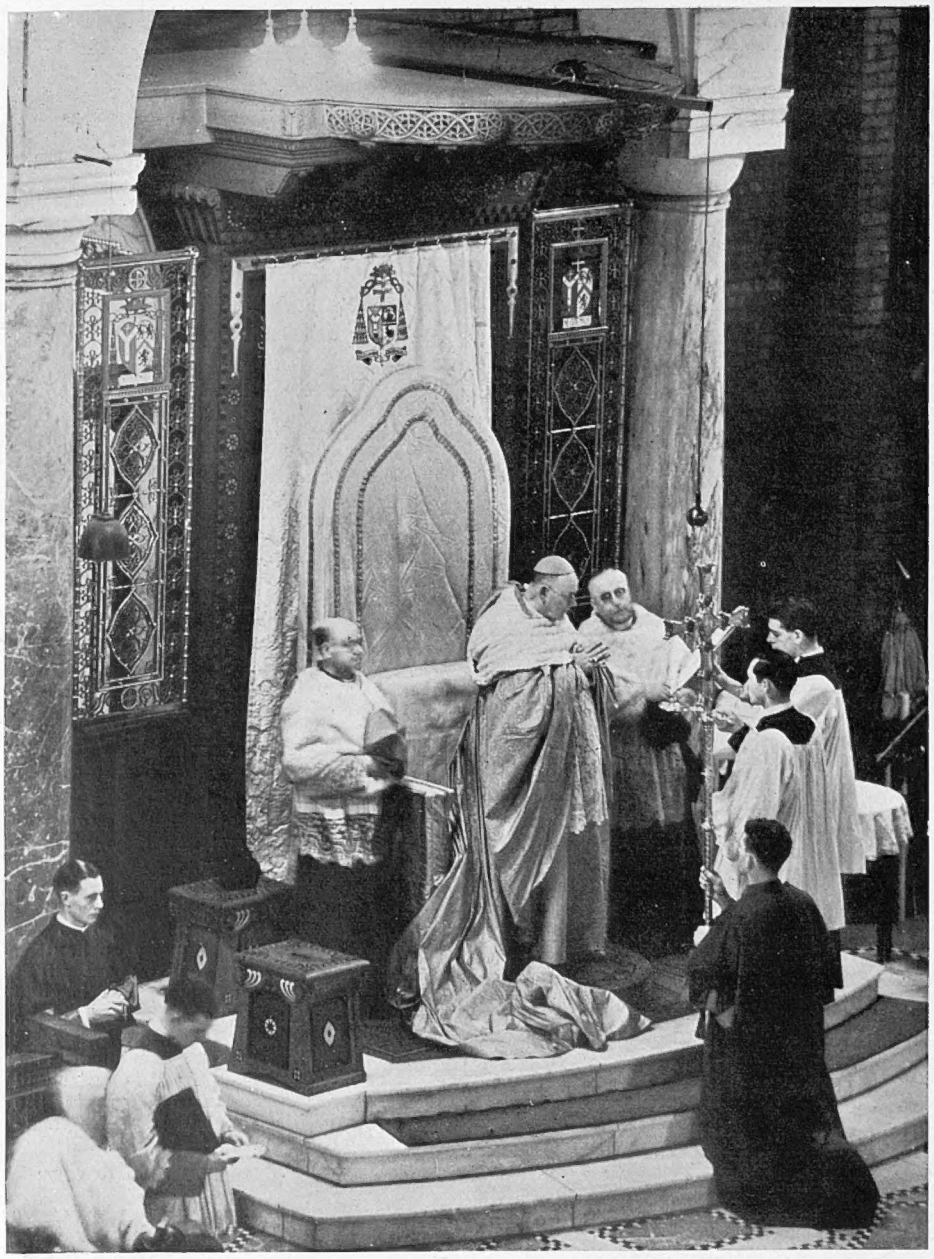
THE OLD STAGER



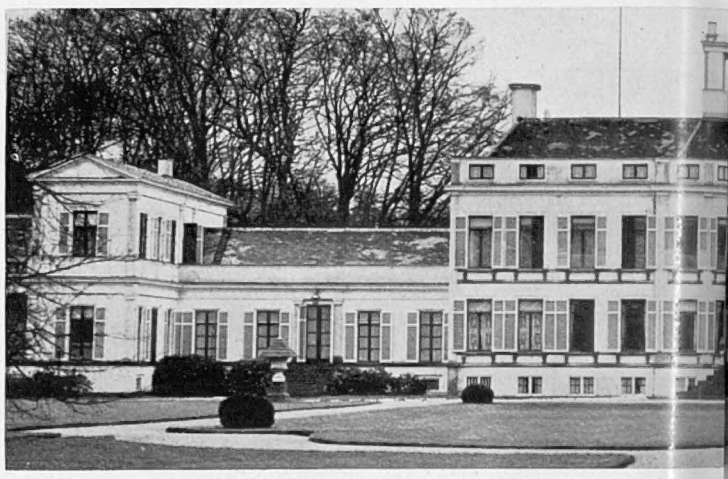
THEY CALL IT "TIMBER TOWN": This is the scene that meets the eye on the north side of Preston dock, where the timber towers high above the quayside, covering many acres of ground. Much of it comes from Canada, and its presence in such immense quantities has a lot to do with the Government's rearmament programme

FROM THE HEADLINES

101 GUNS OR 51? That was the question Holland was eagerly discussing this week—and there was not a Dutchman who was not prepared to wager that it would be 101; in other words, that a boy Prince would be born to Princess Juliana. Meanwhile, Dr. de Groot (*above*) had taken up his quarters in a house near the Palace of Soestdijk so that he would be in readiness to answer an urgent call at any time of the day or night

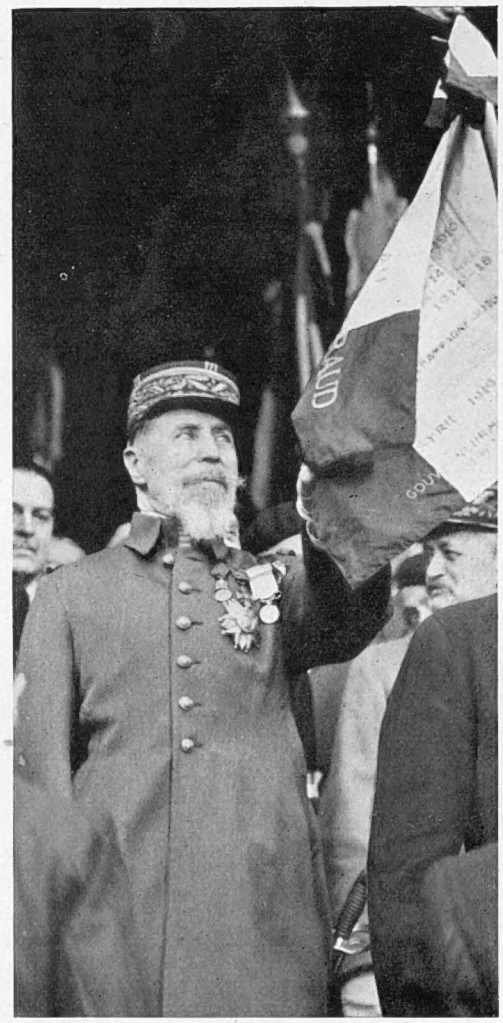


CARDINAL HINSLEY IMPARTING THE PAPAL BLESSING during the service of Solemn Reception held in Westminster Cathedral to mark his return from Rome where he recently received from the Pope the Red Hat, emblem of his new dignity. Some 7,000 people were present



THE PALACE OF SOESTDIJK, on which all eyes have been centred during the time of waiting for the royal birth. It was last week that Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard (who is now almost fully recovered from his serious motor accident) celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding which, it may be remembered, took place with great pageantry at The Hague. On

SEEKING INTERNATIONAL APPEASEMENT: M. van Zeeland, the former Prime Minister of Belgium, pictured during his visit to London last week when he met Mr. Neville Chamberlain and discussed the report he is now drawing up with the object of assisting in restoring world economic and financial normality



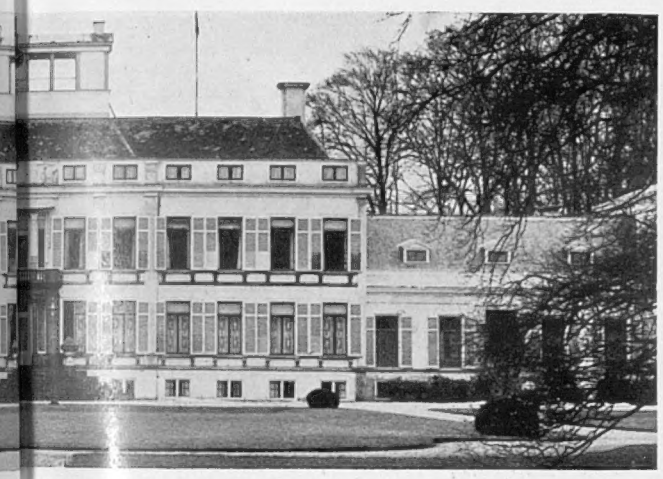
TRIBUTE TO A VETERAN: One-armed General Gouraud, who two months ago retired from the post of military Governor of Paris, receiving the flag of honour which was presented to him on January 9 in the courtyard of the Invalides by "his old soldiers of France, Africa, and Asia". On one side is an account of the General's service in the Army from 1894 to 1937

PEARLY KINGS AND QUEENS FORGATHER: The Reverend A. W. Barker, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene Church, Massinger Street, Old Kent Road, receiving the costers when they arrived last Sunday for the New Year servi

A Pictorial Record of Current Events at Home and Abroad : Holland Awaits the Royal Birth : Cardinal Hinsley Returns from Rome : General Gouraud Honoured

AMONG THE FIRST TO KNOW: These Dutch army officers went into residence last week at the Badhotel at Baarn, near the Palace of Soestdijk, so that they should be on hand to receive the news of the royal birth and to transmit it to the authorities waiting to fire the salutes in honour of the event. It has been a long time since a Prince was born to the House of Orange

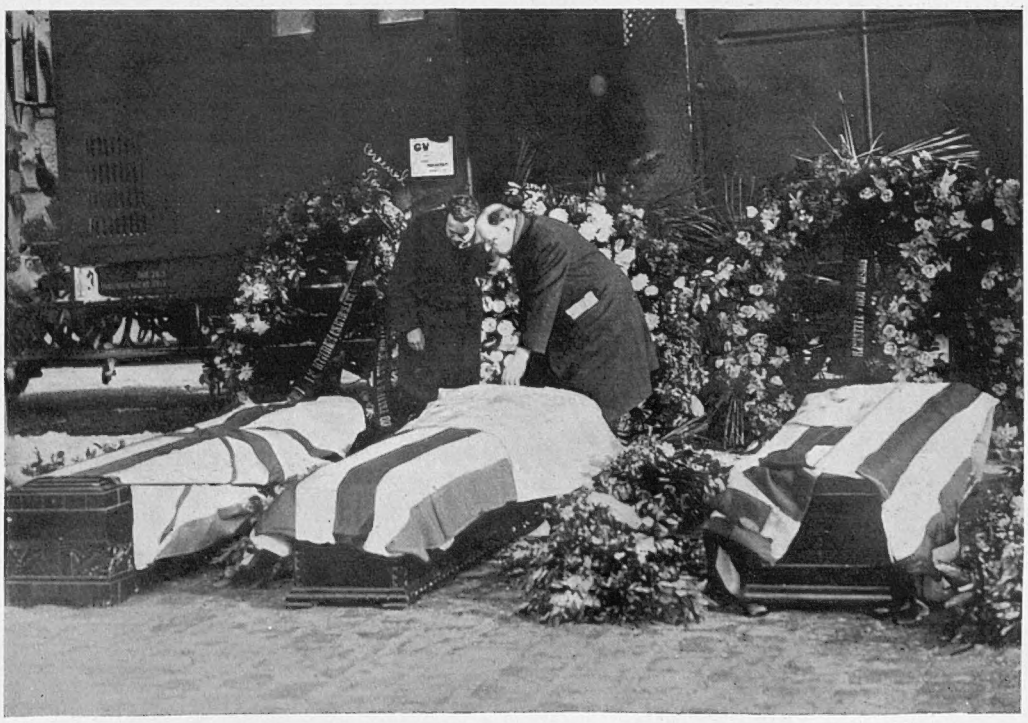
WINTER'S PETRIFYING HAND: As though some giant confectioner had come their way and decorated them with icing, these trees flanking the lake at Geneva make a scene of rare beauty, and at the same time evidence the extreme temperatures that have recently been recorded in this usually climatically favoured part of Europe. Similar conditions have been prevailing throughout the Continent, but, to the annoyance of winter sports enthusiasts, there has been a lamentable dearth of snow at the leading Swiss resorts



Friday of last week Princess Juliana, accompanied by Prince Bernhard's brother, Prince Aschwin of Lippe-Biesterfeld, drove in an open car for an hour in the neighbourhood of the Palace. She smilingly acknowledged the greetings of the crowd and submitted to being "snapped" by scores of amateur photographers

FOR CHINA'S DESTITUTE: Mrs. C. Lin and Mrs. Chan Stirling of the Chinese Embassy in London facing a newsreel camera at the Westbourne Terrace depot of the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund for China, where large consignments of necessities are being dispatched from time to time. In Shanghai alone there are 350,000 refugees, while the total for the whole country is stated to be in the neighbourhood of 1,000,000

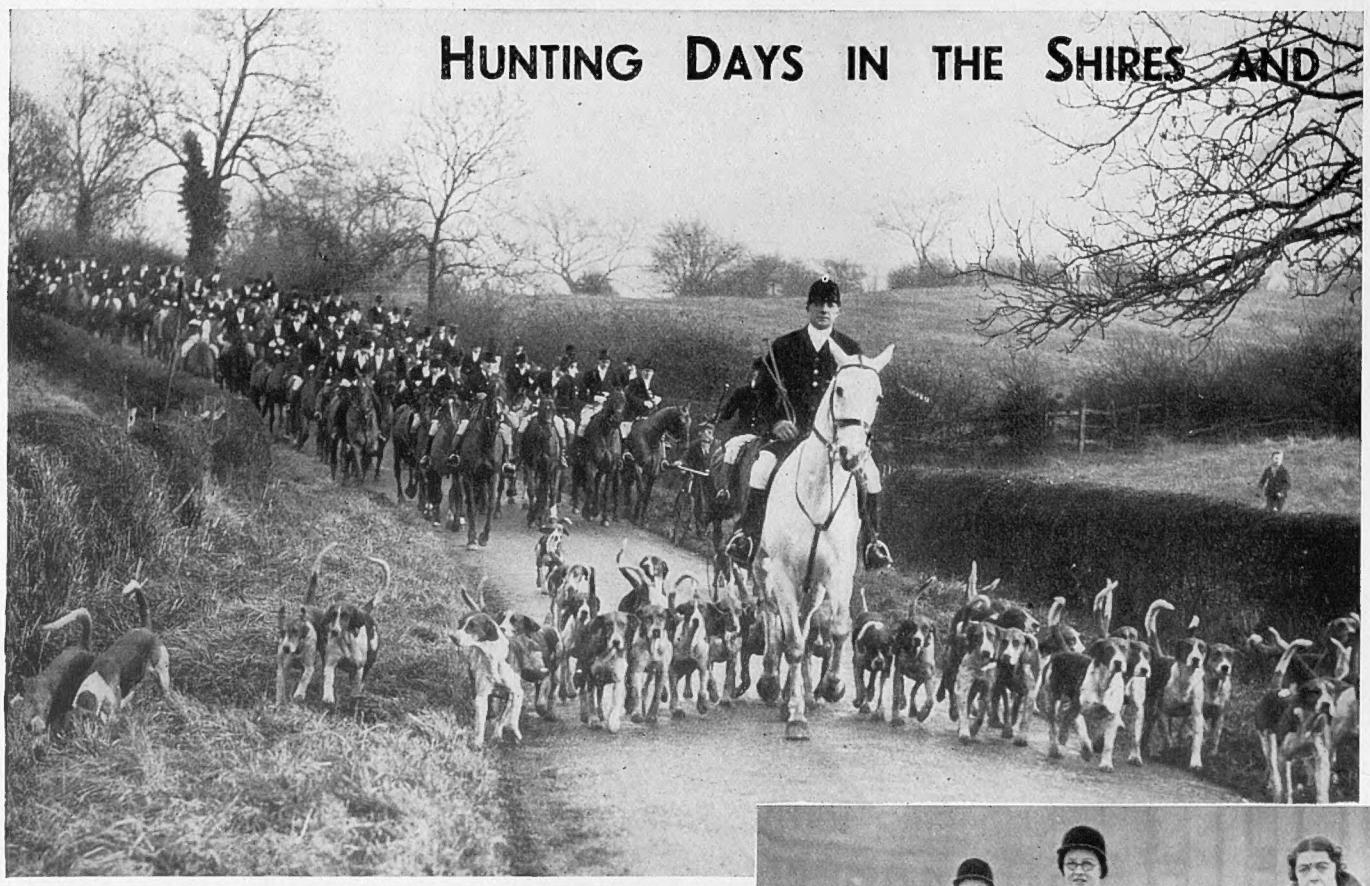
given for licensed victuallers and other traders in the district. This special service takes place every year and provides a real and sympathetic link between the Church and the trading community



KILLED IN ACTION: The coffins bearing the bodies of Mr. E. R. Sheepshanks, Reuter's correspondent, and Mr. Bradish Johnson, Jnr., and Mr. Edward J. Neil, two American journalists, pictured on arrival in Paris from Spain, where they met their deaths last week when reporting the fighting round Teruel. A number of war correspondents have lost their lives on duty during the past few months, notable among them being Mr. Pembroke Stephens, of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, who was shot in Shanghai

HUNTING DAYS IN THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

Sights and Scenes at Recent Meets of Leading Packs



On left—
IN THE CREAM OF THE LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTRY: The Quorn hounds heading a large field as they moved off to draw after a recent meet at Frisby, near Melton Mowbray. No other hunt has a greater following and on the more popular days the closely packed lanes are a sight to behold

FOR THE YOUNG ENTRY: Mrs. John Simonds with some of the children who attended the children's meet of the Garth held at Newlands, Aborfield Cross, Wokingham. Nowadays nearly all the big hunts arrange a gathering of this kind during the Christmas holidays and, before moving off to draw, the Master usually gives the youngsters a short talk on etiquette in the hunting field, often laying stress on the care that should be taken when riding over other people's property

RIDERS ALL: Lady Rosemary, Lady Sarah, and Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, and the Marquess of Blandford (heir to the dukedom), pictured with their mother the Duchess of Marlborough at a meet of the Heythrop at their home, Blenheim Palace. They are keen followers and, during holiday time, are regularly to be seen out with the hounds

On right—
AN HISTORIC SETTING: Members of the field pictured with Kenilworth Castle in the background at a recent meet of the North Warwickshire pack. Kenilworth, it will be recalled, was presented to the nation last year, and the Government has now begun work on the task of ensuring its preservation

The FALL *of* TERUEL

Spanish Government Troops Force the Surrender of Insurgents Holding Out In the Aragonese Town

MOPPING UP OPERATIONS: Two pictures taken as Government troops stood ready for action round one of the buildings in Teruel where a small band of insurgents was holding out despite the fact that the rest of the town had fallen. Eventually Colonel Rey, the insurgent military commander, surrendered with his 1,500 men and on Monday of this week it was definitely established that the place over which such a desperate fight had been waged, was entirely in the attacker's hands. This was General Franco's first big defeat and the manner of its execution bears testimony to the efficiency of the new army steadily built up by the Government

THE LAST PHASE: A Government supporter ensconced in the ruins of one of Teruel's buildings during the work of clearing the town of its few remaining insurgents. While this was going on General Franco's relief forces were attempting to force an entrance, but their bid failed, no more than two battalions—one of Moors and one of Legionaries—reaching the outskirts where they were overwhelmed by cold, hunger, and superior numbers. Teruel is believed to be largely in ruins and it is revealed that the veteran Asturian fighter and Socialist leader Señor Belarmino Tomas directed the mining of some of the buildings held by the insurgents. Two dynamite charges, one of about 3,700 lb. and another of 1,250 lb. were exploded under the Seminary, and the branch of the Bank of Spain was similarly wrecked

SPANNING OVER 3 FT.: The horns and part of the skull of the aurochs (giant wild ox of primitive Europe) which have been dredged from the bed of the Thames near Faringdon, Berkshire, and have aroused wide interest. This picture was taken when the find was exhibited the other day at a meeting of the Thames Conservancy Board

Aurochs' Horns Dredged from the Thames

Dr. A. T. Hopwood, of the Natural History Museum, stated in an interview following the discovery of the aurochs' horns in the Thames that the museum already has two similar specimens which were found at Ilford. The aurochs, he said, was once common all over Western Europe and remains are often brought to light. It survived in the forests of Central Europe until the early seventeenth century, and it probably survived in this country up to a period estimated at rather less than 5,000 years ago. It is the ancestor of certain modern breeds of long-horned cattle

HOLLAND'S ROYAL FAMILY

The House of Orange, Focal Point of Dutch Loyalty and, at the Moment, of World Interest

AT The Hague a few years ago I happened to notice a typical young Dutch girl bowling along on a bicycle: "That's Juliantje," said my companion—the termination *tje* is the Dutch affectionate diminutive; and it is as Juliantje that the Princess of the Netherlands is still known to her subjects. I saw her again at her wedding at The Hague early last year, looking very lovely and happy by the side of her consort, Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld; and the packed crowds of Dutch burghers in the streets cheered the couple like mad.

The cheers were genuine. I remember fifteen years ago when the sentiment of Holland was in very large measure republican. Then something happened: feeling swung gradually back to the great royal house the founder of which was the founder and father of modern Holland. All at once the people began to look to the House of Orange as centuries ago they looked to that Prince, William the Silent, on whose death "the little children cried in the streets"; and more than at any time in the last 100 years, the destiny of Holland seems bound up to-day with that of its ancient royal house.

Princess Juliana has had a great deal to do with that revival of affectionate interest in the royal family. She has shown herself to be characteristic of her race—not merely a royal princess, but a thoroughly capable Dutch lady as well. I have spoken several times with fellow-students of hers from the University of Leiden: "She was cleverer than most of us," said one of them; and another: "After a while one quite forgot she was our Crown Princess, she was so like the rest of us. She *deed altijd mēē*"; *to doe mēē* is to join in, to be, in the American phrase, a good mixer.

One result of Princess Juliana's popularity has been a very keen interest in the family of Orange-Nassau throughout all classes in the Netherlands. Orange-Nassau means to Holland what Habsburg means, or did mean, to Austria. You cannot think of Holland, since it cast off the Spanish yoke, without thinking of Orange-Nassau; and although, strictly speaking, Princess Juliana's baby, which may or may not be born while this issue of THE SPHERE is running its course, will not be a direct descendant of the House of Orange-Nassau, in the sentiment of the whole Dutch people—and probably by special Act of Parliament—it will be regarded as such.

Princess Juliana herself is not a direct descendant of the Orange-Nassau family, her father, Prince Hendrik, having been a Mecklenburg. There is, however, a special decree of February 8, 1901, stating that the name Orange-Nassau shall henceforth be borne by all Princes and Princesses of the Netherlands, in addition to, and preceding, the names and titles derived from their father.

Should Princess Juliana's baby be a son—and all Holland longs for this—he will, therefore, bear the names and titles of Orange-Nassau, Mecklenburg, and Lippe-Biesterfeld; and once again there will be a Prince of Orange in the land—that name which has been a rallying-point and a rallying-cry to the people of the Netherlands throughout their whole period of nationhood.

The Nassau family, which subsequently allied itself with the House of Orange, can be traced back to a Count of Laurenburg, who lived at the end of the eleventh century, and whose grandson took the name Nassau about the middle of the twelfth century. This grandson, Walram I, may be regarded as the founder of the world-famous Nassau dynasty. The family's first significant association with the Netherlands occurred at the end of the fourteenth century, where Engelbert I, Count of Nassau, married Johanna of Polanen, heiress of Breda and The Leck. By this marriage very large and important Dutch estates came into the possession of the Nassau family, members of which were appointed to high functions under the Duke of Burgundy, who was at that time suzerain of the Netherlands.

Hendrik III of Breda married Claudia of Châlon-Orange, and their son René received, at the death of his uncle Philibert, the Principality of Orange. René, therefore, was the first Dutch Prince of Orange. When René died in 1544 his titles and possessions passed to the eldest son of William the Old, Count of Nassau; this first holder of the combined titles Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau was the nation's leader in its struggle with Spain, and as William the Silent became *Vader des Vaderlands*, Father of the Fatherland, and one of the greatest figures in European history.

When William the Silent's great-grandson, William III, died in 1702, the male line of the House of Orange became extinct. The title passed to Johan Willem Friso, head of the House of Nassau-Diez, a direct descendant of Count John of Nassau. His son, Prince William IV, was the first "Stadhouder," or Governor, of the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, and his grandson was the first King of Holland.

The House of Orange-Nassau continued in the male line until the death of King William III in 1890. Since that time Holland has been ruled by Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina, the last direct descendant of the Orange-Nassau family. Princess Juliana is of the House of Orange-Nassau-Mecklenburg and, with the birth of the already famous baby, will be the founder of the dynasty Orange-Nassau-Mecklenburg-Lippe-Biesterfeld.

Holland has been ruled by a Queen for forty-eight years, and a princess is heir to the throne. One cannot doubt for a minute the popularity of the succession, but it is equally true that the whole Dutch race is fervently praying for the birth of a male heir. There may be no better reason for this than the natural love of men and women for change, but with the birth of a son to Princess Juliana the joy of the Dutch will be boundless and, what is more, the whole world will ring with cheers of congratulation.

Perhaps in no country will those congratulations be more heartfelt than in Great Britain. Juliana has endeared herself to the people of this kingdom as few foreign royalties do. Like the Dutch, we admire intelligence, modesty and, above all, force of character; and these virtues are essentially qualities of the Princess of the Netherlands. In her lovely palace among the woods of Soestdijk, she may feel assured that the people of Great Britain live with Holland *mee* at this moment.

Roy Elston

PRINCESS JULIANA'S ANCESTORS: *Left*—William II, King of the Netherlands, her great-grandfather, who fought under Wellington at Waterloo, and (*right*), William III, last King of the Netherlands, who was succeeded in 1890 by Queen Wilhelmina

"WARSPITE"

Britain's Most Up-to-Date Battleship

WHEN H.M.S. *Warspite* was taken in hand at Portsmouth for reconstruction on March 27, 1934, she was, to all intents and purposes, a comparatively obsolete battleship. When she sailed for the Mediterranean last week (as depicted on page 101 of this issue) she was the most modern battleship in the world.

The metamorphosis has taken a long time. It has also cost a lot of money. The first cost of the ship when she was built in 1915 was £2,524,148. Her recent reconstruction and modernisation has cost more than £2,270,000. It has, however, been well worth it, particularly when one considers that the reconstruction was undertaken during the period in which the British Empire was prevented from building battleships to offset capital ship construction abroad, and that the cost of a new battleship to-day is in the neighbourhood of £8,000,000.

H.M.S. *Warspite* is completely changed in appearance. Gone is the large gunnery control-top perched at the apex of a tripod mast, and the whole ship now has a rather "hunched-up" look.

The gunnery control-top has been brought down and incorporated in the new fore superstructure. This is rather like a tall fortress—a modernised version of the "Queen Anne Mansions" of H.M.S. *Nelson* and H.M.S. *Rodney*. The whole of the new superstructure in H.M.S. *Warspite* is splinter-proof. Moreover, it offers immunity to bridge and control personnel from the machine-gun bullets which may be expected from diving and low-flying aircraft. The most interesting part of this structure, however, is that it can quickly be made completely gas-tight. This is regarded in naval circles as a very great improvement, for it means that the control personnel will not have to wear gas-masks. There is therefore no possibility of orders becoming muffled or distorted through a gas-mask.

The "hunched-up" appearance of the ship has been caused by the erection of a large aircraft hangar close abaft the funnel. This hangar can house three aircraft, and a fourth can be carried on the launching catapult which runs athwartships just abaft the hanger.

Much of the reconstruction of H.M.S. *Warspite* has, of course, been designed to give her better protection against air attack. The alterations have been carried out in accordance with the lessons learnt by a large number of secret experiments carried out by the Admiralty in recent years. As a result it may be said that H.M.S. *Warspite* is as nearly immune from the effects of air attack as it is possible to make a ship. New and specially placed armoured decks have been incorporated.

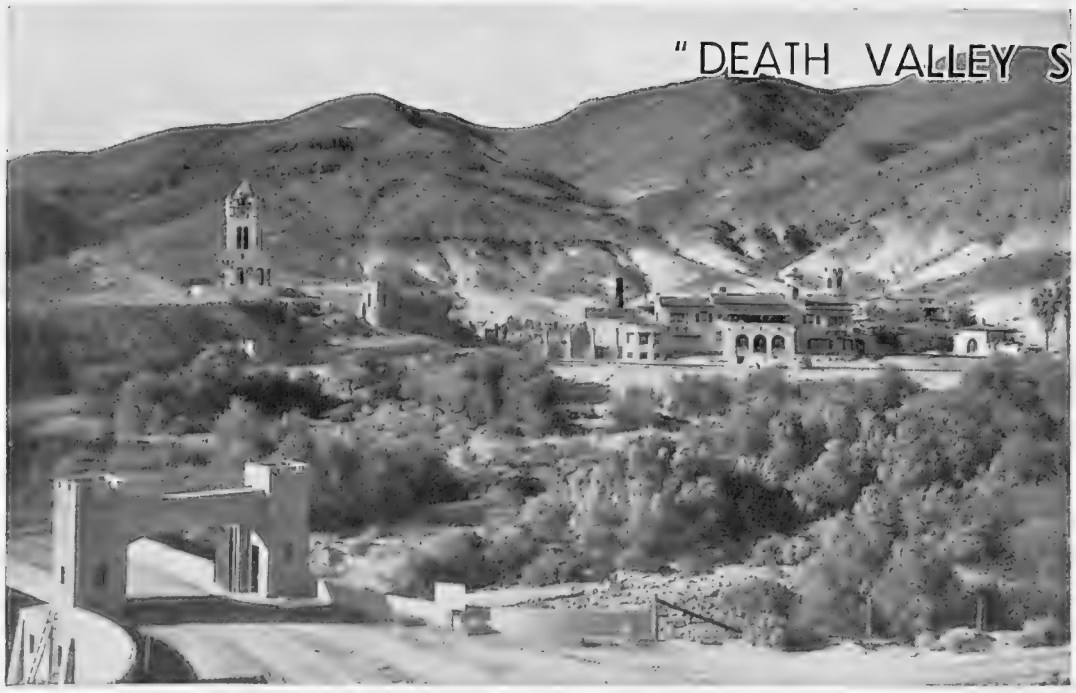
The defence of H.M.S. *Warspite* against air attack is by no means all passive. Her main armament of eight 15-in. guns remains the same, but her secondary armament has been reduced from twelve 6-in. guns to eight. This has enabled a far more powerful anti-aircraft armament to be mounted. This consists of eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns and no fewer than four of the new multiple pom-pom guns.

H.M.S. *Warspite* was originally expected to leave Portsmouth for the Mediterranean last July, but she was held up by two successive failures on trials. The first of these was concerned with a machinery defect—the ship has been entirely re-engined in order to increase her speed—and the second was due to the development of leaks in some oil fuel tanks. These defects, however, must be considered as the "growing pains" of a new type of ship. H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* and H.M.S. *Valiant* are now in hand for similar reconstruction.

K. E.

"DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY" AND HIS CASTLE

A Quaint Californian Character Who Has Spent a Fortune on His Bizarre, Desert Stronghold



HIS CASTLE BUT NOT HIS HOME: This is the stronghold built in Death Valley, that torrid, inhospitable region of south-eastern California, by a quaint personage known to the American public as "Death Valley Scotty." He is seen (*on right*) having his morning shave, not as one might expect, in one of the palatial rooms of his castle, but in the little shack some five miles distant where he prefers to live when not entertaining guests. The source of his wealth is a major mystery, but it is widely believed that there is a gold mine on his estate

NO EXPENSE SPARED! This is part of the music room in Scotty's castle, the woodwork of which was carved on the spot by craftsmen brought from Italy. It is the owner's proud boast that he has spent £35,000 on furnishing the place, and that building operations have cost well over half-a-million. If this does not mean he owns a gold mine he must, it seems, have a very good substitute indeed

PLENTY TO LAUGH ABOUT: Scotty (left) and his partner, Mr. A. M. Johnson, in one of the living rooms of the castle which for many years past has been a source of interest and speculation in America. It was in 1905 that Scotty emerged as a national figure, and he has been doing spectacular things ever since. He reckons he has spent nearly £1,500 000 just in "having a good time"

IN THE LABORATORY where Scotty and his partner determine the value of "strikes" made during prospecting expeditions in the Death Valley region

THE DESERT MAN OF MYSTERY: Scotty standing beside horns collected from the district which is rich in fossils and other remains

MONEY MEANS POWER to Scotty who has a passion for electrical equipment on which he expends enormous sums every year. This master control board is in one of the vast cellars beneath the castle where, among other things, there is a battery of eight giant refrigerators. Some say his gold mine is also beneath the building

On left—HIS REAL HOME: Scotty in front of the old shack (some 5 miles distant from his castle) where he spends the bulk of his time, doing his own housekeeping and cooking. The bell formerly belonged to the first locomotive to enter the township of Goldfield, Nevada

On right—H. AND C.: This elaborate construction, with the appearance of a greenhouse, controls the castle's water system

FRANCE'S HISTORIED PRESS:

Its Present Harassed State Compared with the Brave Days of Journalistic Dominance

PILLARS OF THE PARIS PRESS: Three men who in the last century played a vital part in French journalism. *Left*—Moise Millaud who founded the *Petit Journal* and gave it a nation-wide sale, peddlers assisting with its distribution. *Centre*—De Villemessant, creator of *Figaro* and of the light, literary boulevard school of editing. *Right*—Emile de Girardin, "the first modern journalist in France" and a great believer in the power of advertising. He is said to have originated the idea of payment for social items

DEPUTY-PREMIER LÉON BLUM wishes to nationalise the French Press as (in his view) the one way of ensuring its freedom, also its continued large-scale existence. He has launched his campaign by recovering an article he wrote ten years ago in his *Populaire*. I am not going into technicalities, desiring to switch back to the past as hastily as maybe, but, compressed to its utmost limit, the planned Bill would stipulate:—

State to take over the expenses and receipts of the political Press. So-called grande Presse d'information (corresponding to our bigger "populars") to be made to declare its politics, no longer sheltering as non-political.

Newspapers to be published by the political parties, any party represented in the Chamber having the right to share in the Press service.

State to supply the premises, printing plant identical in all cases, and editorial expenses.

State to centralise commercial advertising. All other receipts for publicity, open or hidden, and every intrusion of outside interest of whatever kind into the editing, to be punishable by the same penalties as traffic in influence or official corruption.

Telegraphic foreign news to be provided by an organisation under League auspices.

When the above was put forward, in 1926, my dear colleagues of that day laughed it out of court.

The other day, in Paris, I went to bedrock and found this, times having changed summat: "Today the bulk of working Parisian journalists would welcome nationalisation. The newspapers are one and all losing hand over fist, the bigger the worse off. Most are being precariously kept breathing by special influences gradually tiring. Journalists would prefer to feel the State behind their jobs instead of the existing grim uncertainty. They realise it wouldn't be a case of Press orchestration *à la* Goebbels or Mussolini—although, goodness knows, enough French publications are already 'orchestrated!' Blum, it is felt, would save the maximum of liberty.

"Why is the Press in such a mess? Four reasons. Firstly, papers have gone up in price. Still the cheapest in Europe, yet M. Dupont takes one where he took two. In its tightness the French public is part to blame for much of what it gets. Secondly, the provincial organs have taken over greatly from one-time Parisian dominance and, in passing, Blum would encounter most opposition from the provinces which supply a cleaner, saner, better article, and know it. Thirdly, immoderate broadcasting of news has compromised the newspaper's *raison d'être* especially in a land where the capital's newspapers do not penetrate fully for perhaps fifteen hours. Why should the locals pay to read news they've heard the previous day over the radio? Fourthly, public support has been turned by such revelations as Stavisky's cheque stubs and subsidies by Fascist Rome. Nothing new, such venality, but perhaps a more susceptible public!"

The Paris Press has been regimented, suppressed, and whipped to heel repeatedly in the 149 years of its existence, as its editors and writers have piled up scores of years of prison sentences and millions of francs in fines.

La Presse Parisienne has stood alone, alike for its genius and its baseness, its power to make and unmake empires, kingdoms, and republics, and its sparkle, lucidity, scandal, wit, and malice. It has yielded peerless names—Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, Jules Sandeau, on the same paper at the same time—what could T.P's. classic *Star* staff of the 'nineties have done against that team?—as it has yielded scoundrels of deepest hue. It has played almost the leading part in the history of France since 1789.

In that year 140 papers were founded in Paris, which previously had none. Marat edited his *Ami du Peuple* from his tub, with this charming thought on April 17, 1793: "Liberty will never triumph unless 200,000 heads fall"; which was partly what brought along the Corday from Normandy.

Already, the Terror had dealt a first blow at Press liberty . . . licence, but it was left to the First Consul to put the clock back to pre-1789. In four lines he suppressed all save thirteen papers, which were to be so many Consular echoes. Always loathing the Press, Napoleon, as Emperor, confiscated all save four papers, chief survivor being the *Débats*, whose columns thereafter became "one continuous ode." But during the Hundred Days Bonaparte recanted. Summoning Benjamin Constant, he said: "Work out a plan for free elections, responsible ministers, a free Press. Above all, a free Press. To suffocate it is absurd"!

Under the Restoration, the papers had a new lease of freedom until the murder of the Duc de Berri. Louis XVIII had even contributed under the rose to the *Yellow Dwarf*. He loved to send in carefully evolved canards, such as an amazing animal discovered in the Andes, or the case of the Lyons workman who could walk on water—little dreaming that one day a successor, a recent President, would die imagining he could manage that easily.

The murder led to the lid being clamped on again, but off it came, naturally, with the advent of Philippe

By

FERDINAND TUOHY

Egalité. Yet down to 1835 one can say the papers touched but a tiny fraction of 20,000,000 people. Then all changed with the coming of Emile de Girardin who was to splash in *la Presse Parisienne* through its most hectic period, almost until his death in harness in 1881.

Emile was not nice to know, yet he was the first modern journalist, choc-a-bloc with ideas and push. Unfortunately he mingled with these a venality, running to Cimmerian blackmail, that must have kept him permanently in Newgate, or wherever they then put them, had he been a compatriot of Delane.

Emile did everything first, visualising the commercialised popular paper and realising it with his *Presse*, sold at a penny and soon reaching the fantastic circulation of 60,000. Emile gave birth to advertising, including small ads and payment for social items; he originated the serial story; he thought æons before others of bribing subscribers with gifts—once licitly distributing the Belgian book edition of a Eugène Sue, which a rival had bought for first serialisation at 100,000 francs; he thought in terms of horror and sensation and made a mint out of Troppmann. He also was the first to take subsidies from foreign embassies as well as from the Government, while as for his blackmailing . . .

Yet, besides all this, it was Girardin who got that team together that I have referred to; he was devoted to his wife, Delphine Gay, the poetess; he had an intuition beyond compare, as when he foresaw the coming of the Prince-President, in 1848.

His one rival in the early days was Dr. Véron, with his *Constitutionnel*. Thiers used to use this as his vehicle, by which hangs a tale. During a ministerial crisis, Thiers caused a communiqué to be sent to Véron, which T. dumbfoundedly later read thus: "His Majesty the King summoned M. Thiers to the Tuileries and charged him to form a Cabinet. The eminent statesman at once responded to His Majesty: '*I have only one regret, not to be able to wring your neck like a chicken of the Inde!*'"

It was only on reading on the same page of the arrest of a murderer, that Thiers saw what had happened. This account read: "The criminal showed only too well that remorse had not yet entered his soul, by addressing these words to the magistrate: 'God and men are witnesses that I have never had other ambition than to serve faithfully and intelligently your person and my country!'"

The next great figure arrived in a penniless Bordeaux Jew, Moise Millaud, founder of the *Petit Journal* at one sou. This was done by dumping vast quantities of the paper all over the country, local peddlers doing the rest—origin of the Messageries system. Millaud had a card as editor, Timothée Trim. "He would promenade in a fiacre along the boulevards, saluting, smiling: stopping at a café terrace to write his daily chronicle before a gaping concourse; as often as not driving off with a loud '*Chez ma maîtresse*' to the coachman." Timothée wrote the whole front page daily and "could spend ten louis d'or in a restaurant of thirty-five sous *prix fixe*": but it was too good to last and he was soon touting for ads.

De Villemessant, founder of *Figaro* and of the light, literary, boulevard school, spicy and scandalous but getting by with its wit and culture, used to hand members of his staff a cane when sacking them, implying "go and take a walk." He gauged the public mind, which he admitted sedulously following, by consultation in four quarters: a literary gourmet, an ex-viveur, a woman farmer of his *pays*, a priest. Villemessant challenged the *Petit Journal* with the *Grand Journal*, measuring 4 ft. by 3 ft. He was proposing to print it on linen, in order to give the reader a napkin as well, when funds caved in.

Please imagine that throughout this time memorable names constantly appear, and not only in the dailies. Buloz' *Revue des Deux Mondes* had a dazzling constellation but to repeat merely names, without stories attached, would be stupid and I have no space for the stories. Buloz launched both George Sand and de Musset, and he insisted, in connection with the famous journey to Venice, that each separately and successfully approached him for expenses to write a series on Italy.

Second to none in influence was the mordant, caricature fortress such as *Charivari*. This was begun by one Philipon who gained renown by being tried for showing, in four follow-on drawings, that Louis-Philippe's features easily merged into a pear which not only became the damning emblem of the Sovereign, chalked up on every wall, but led to this fruit signifying a fool to this day, in France. Brother freak of Philipon's was to keep on announcing in the cheeriest manner that the King had escaped assassination in all kinds of unexpected places.

Philipon's proudest feather was to have introduced the differing but thrilling crayons of Garvarni, of student loves and opera nights, and of the terrific Daumier, burning through social and political ills, as radium.

In keeping with abounding French vanity of the epoch, only one foreigner intrudes: the German Albert Wolff. Nearest to him was Cham, who drew for Charivari for thirty-six years and was half English. Also, apparently, the best-liked of the lot. He died from a cold caught while practising for a duel. Duels of course occurred all the time. (Rochefort and Clemenceau jointly fought forty.)

Alphonse Karr could have shown Hollywood what publicity was. Karr ran a weekly called *Wasps*, and dressed now as a Turk, now as a Chinaman. He walked abroad with a hyena, and thought nothing of appearing at a first night in a fireman's helmet. But I must leap on—

Henri Rochefort's scalding ridicule brought down the Third Empire if anything did. Making a smash-hit with his *Lanterne*, 90,000 circulation, first week, he had to skip to Belgium under the ire of Louis-Napoleon, and in ensuing years was to collect sentence upon sentence, including one "lifer" which led to several years on South Sea Nouméa. Yet the Emperor really undermined himself by extending a liberty to the Press, which while permitting Majesty to suppress any paper it chose also allowed Citizen to start any paper *he* chose. Thus a paper would be quashed only for it to reappear under a new name. Hereabouts Paris had 140 publications.

The Victor Noir drama was a pointer to what supervened after Sedan, eight months later. Noir (Salmon) attended on Prince Pierre Bonaparte as a second for his editor, and was promptly and mortally shot by the prince on the princely doorstep. Explanation:

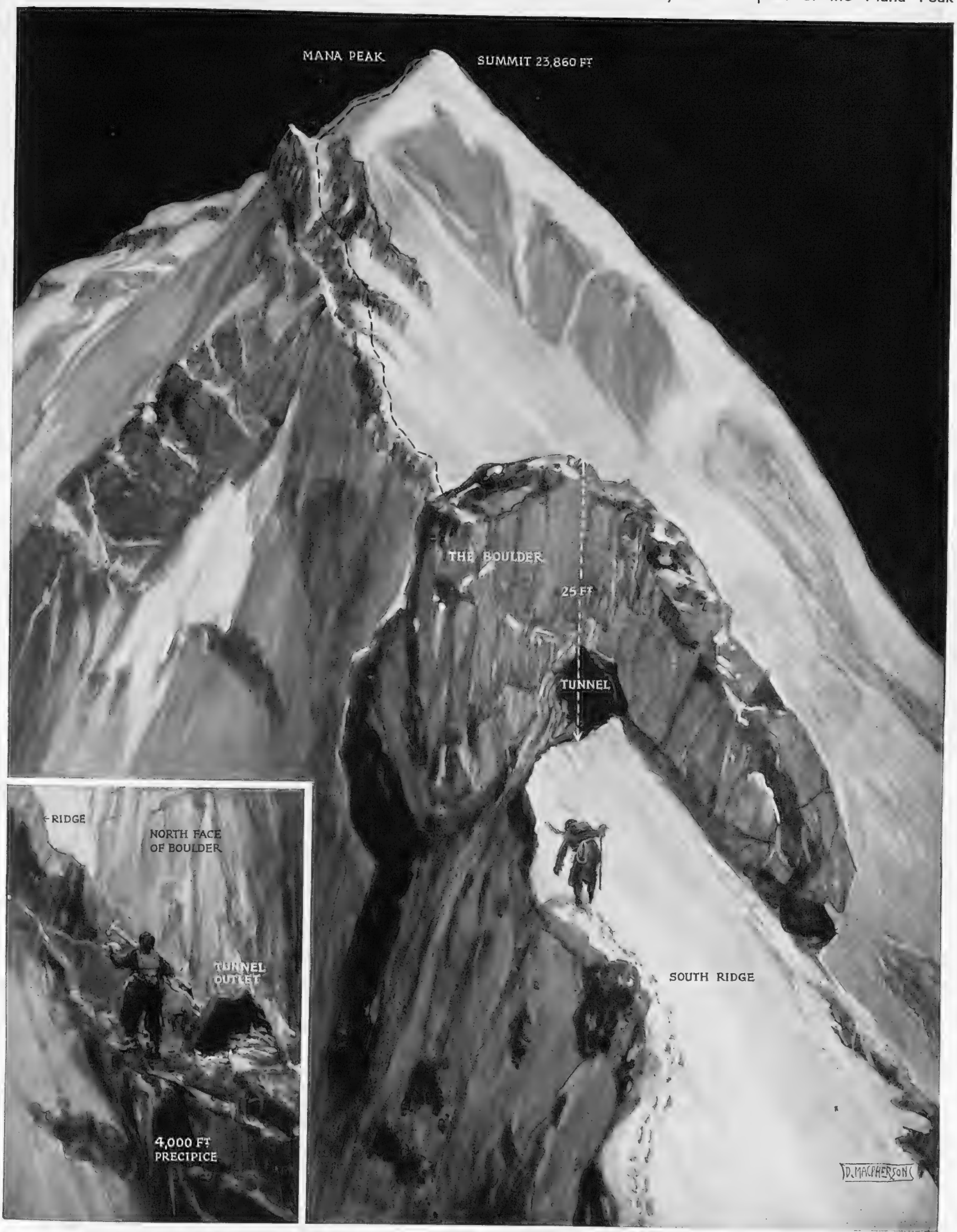
HIS SCALDING RIDICULE SHOOK THE THIRD EMPIRE: Henri Rochefort, a French journalist who, for his daring in political matters, received many prison sentences

PERFUME PAID FOR HIS DAILY: François Coty whose entry into the cut-price newspaper field resulted in the entire French Press ranging itself uncompromisingly against him

(*Continued on page* 110)

A HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINEER ENCOUNTERS A UNIQUE OBSTACLE

A Giant Boulder of Monumental Dimensions that All but Prevented F. S. Smythe's Conquest of the Mana Peak



BARRING THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT: Mr. F. S. Smythe approaching the great tunnelled boulder and (*inset on left*) attempting to regain the ridge on emerging from the tunnel which debouched on the very verge of a 4,000 ft. precipice. How he had to swing across this Mr. Smythe describes below

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by D. Macpherson*

THIS diagrammatic drawing illustrates a perilous phase of the successful attempt made a short while ago by Mr. F. S. Smythe, the well-known Himalayan mountaineer, to climb the Mana Peak which rises to a height of 23,860 ft. in the vicinity of Kamet. Mr. Smythe, who did the last part of the ascent alone, describing it as the grandest, longest, hardest climb of his life, encountered, as depicted here, a giant boulder, as large as a fair-sized house, which straddled across the ridge he was scaling, seemingly barring the way to the summit and presenting an obstacle unique in his mountaineering experience. "To climb over it," he said, "was impossible, and sheer precipices prohibited a traverse to right or left. But there was one possibility—*under it*, through a tunnel partially choked with ice. I crawled into it, and wriggled forwards and upwards with many halts to regain my breath. At the far end there was just room to insinuate myself serpent-like through the ice. As soon as my head was out I saw that the hole did not end on the crest of the ridge but to one side of it. The only way I could regain the ridge was to grasp some handholds, haul my body out through the hole, and swing for a moment on my arms across the face of the cliff. In this way I was able to regain the ridge, where I lay and began to wonder whether I should have the strength to continue. In the distance I saw a snowy point. Slowly and with many halts for breath I toiled up to it. At 1.30 p.m. I stood on the summit."

ALL EYES ON PALESTINE:

PALESTINE—THE THORNY PROBLEM: These men of the 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, who are helping in the pacification of the northern part of the country, no doubt see in the giant cactus that thrives there an analogy to the task they have in hand. Conditions in the Holy Land remain far from settled, but many find new hope in H.M. Government's announcement that a technical commission is to be sent there to study further the details and the practicability of the plan of partition outlined by the Royal Commission in 1937

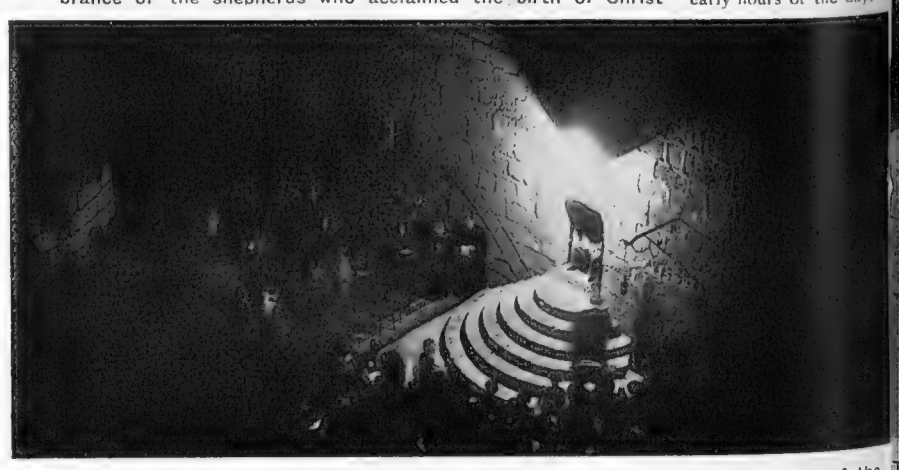
STILL THEY BATTLE: Jewish settlers putting up barbed wire entanglements round a newly-created agricultural settlement, one of many that have come into being despite Arab terrorist activities. *Below*—A woman settler, carrying a rifle and using a pair of binoculars as she keeps watch for marauders

EVER PREPARED: Men of the Palestine Police Force who are co-operating with the British troops in maintaining order. Two of them, it will be seen, are disguised in Arab dress. For months past they have been in action constantly, and even on Christmas Day an action was fought in the hill country to the west of Galilee, eighteen Arabs being killed

WHERE THEY WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT: An officer of the Black Watch receiving his portion of bread and meat at the celebration organised by the Y.M.C.A. in the "Shepherds' Fields," Bethlehem, on Christmas Eve; the occasion being in remembrance of the shepherds who acclaimed the birth of Christ

Christmas In Bethlehem

In spite of the unsettled state of the country in general Christmas celebrations in Bethlehem passed off very pleasantly. The usual Anglican carol singing was broadcast on Christmas Eve from one of the courts of the Church of the Nativity, the Asbury College Crusaders Male Quartette from Kentucky leading the singing with their fine voices. Earlier in the afternoon the Young Men's Christian Association held, as shown in one of the accompanying pictures, a celebration at the Shepherds' Fields where a "Shepherd Meal" had been prepared in a large open grotto. Here a large crowd of guests including about 100 soldiers from the Black Watch partook of and enjoyed heartily the fresh "taboun" bread and the savoury meat which had been roasting in a heated oven since the early hours of the day.



CAROL SINGING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY: Another aspect of the Christmas celebrations in Bethlehem which, despite prevailing conditions in the country, were as elaborate as ever. On the left of the stairs is the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem

The British Government's Latest Move Keeps the Holy Land Right in the Forefront of World News

Early last July the Palestine Royal Commission, of which the late Lord Peel was chairman, unanimously recommended the partition of Palestine between a Jewish State, an Arab State, including Transjordan, and a permanent enclave under the British mandate which would include the Holy Places. Since then there has been widespread discussion on the subject, not a little of it including bitter criticism. The Government, which has kept an open mind on the question and has been anxious at all costs not to be hasty in deciding for or against partition, now plans to send a technical Commission to the Holy Land to examine the whole problem in minute detail and, if necessary, to suggest modifications of the original plan. This announcement should for the time being have a pacifying effect in the country, particularly in troubled Galilee.

FAMILY LIFE IN TEL AVIV: Father, coolly clad in white, pushes the pram while mother walks behind. A scene in the all-Jewish city on the Mediterranean shore where Jews from nearly every country in Europe have congregated of recent years. The place has a population of about 150,000 and is known both as an industrial centre and a resort. When it was founded at the beginning of the century it was a mere village among the sand dunes and its growth has to a large extent gone hand in hand with the growth of immigration. Important harbour works are now in progress there

THE ASBURY COLLEGE CRUSADERS MALE QUARTETTE, from Kentucky, seen before the microphone in a courtyard of the Church of the Nativity

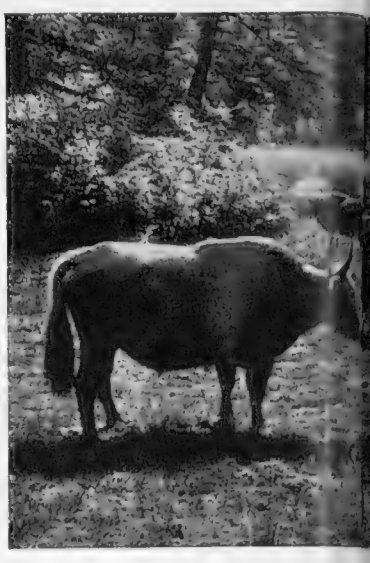
YOUNG SETTLERS IN AN OLD LAND: *Left*—Jewish girls assisting in building operations at one of the new agricultural settlements and (*right*) visiting a nearby town, doubtless on an expedition to obtain the weekly provisions. The appearance of three of them in much abbreviated shorts may be attractive to European eyes, but to the Arab the sight is said to be deeply offending, running counter, as it does, to all his preconceived notions of womanhood

PALESTINE AND THE IRAK PIPE LINE: A sand-levelling tractor and, in the background, storage tanks containing some of the vast quantities of oil that are pumped across the desert from Kirkuk and later shipped from Palestinian ports. During the past two years the pipe line has frequently been damaged in an attempt to harass British interests

DRAWING THE "WHEEL OF LIFE": A monk of Sera, the great monastery, near Lhasa, engaged in making one of the elaborate designs which have such an abiding significance in the religious life of Tibet. In the east part of the country they are seldom seen, says Mr. Kaulback in his article

EXPLORING

carried on ponies, yaks, or dzos, which are a cross between yaks and ordinary cattle. Since none of these moves at more than 2 m.p.h. with a long halt in the middle of the day for rest and refreshment, travel is a leisurely affair and very pleasant. The long caravan winding slowly to the top of a pass; the falsetto shrieks of the drivers echoing in the ravines as they urge their animals on; perhaps a sudden cloud-burst flooding a stream; and the quiet of the camp in the evening, the men cooking over fires of brushwood or yak-dung, and the animals grazing near at hand—all these give a colour and zest to such travel.



About a quarter of the population in the whole of Tibet are monks, of whom only a very few ever rise to the dignity of lamas; but, although religion plays a great part in the life of the people, many of the smaller monasteries would never have existed had it not been for the problem of food-supply. In vast areas of Tibet a definite limit is set to the population by the fact that it is only along the narrow bottoms of the valleys that cultivation can be carried on, and, probably for this reason, there is an iron custom that the second son of every family must become a monk, and therefore celibate, whether he will or no.

The population of the ubiquitous monastery varies from five to several thousand, and all the great buildings are conspicuous with their gleaming white walls and dark red roofs. Unlike the peasantry, who must work all day long with their herds or in the fields, the monks, in between the daily services, have much time for thought and contemplation, and it follows that the painting, sculpture, and literature of Tibet are now centred in the monasteries (much as they were in Europe during the Middle Ages), and, further, that they are wholly religious in character. Indeed, one of the main difficulties in unravelling the history of that great country has been that few events have ever been

Ronald Kaulback a short while ago spent eighteen months in south-east Tibet, engaged in exploration and in collecting entomological and botanical specimens for the British Museum of Natural History. During this period Mr. Kaulback's party covered nearly 3,000 miles in the basins of the Brahmaputra and the Salween in an attempt to reach the source of the latter river, and in the accompanying article he gives us a glimpse of life in that territory so seldom visited by Europeans. He is at present engaged in preparing a book on the subject.

WHERE THE TRAVELLER NEEDS NERVE: A typical log-bridge over a chasm in south-east Tibet, a land in which transport remains intensely primitive. Such structures are made without nails

PROGRESS, in the material sense, is very largely bound up with transport and communications, and it is perhaps due to this, as much as anything else, that Tibet has remained so essentially conservative throughout its history. Lhasa has a telegraph to India, a wireless station, electricity, and a mint, but the remainder of the country (and especially the eastern half, which is even more mountainous than the other settled parts), has not yet progressed beyond the stage of pack-animals. In a land where stretches of the best available routes frequently consist of flimsy wooden galleries pegged to the face of gigantic precipices, the cost of building roads is prohibitive; and it is not surprising that, in the whole of eastern Tibet there is not a single wheeled vehicle of any kind. Journeys are spoken of not in miles, but in days, weeks, or even months; and, apart from the written reports of officials, all news is dependent on word of mouth.

There are some much-used tracks in this part of the country on which it is impossible to take animals at all, and where everything has to be carried by porters; but, in general, all but the very poorest ride, even for distances of a mile or less, and baggage is

THE SALWEEN VALLEY UNDER SNOW: Dominating the centre of in a region of intense cold, is a large shrine known locally as contain the bones of some specially holy lama and are

S.E. TIBET

The Little-known and Solitary Region Lying on the Upper Reaches of the Salween and Brahmaputra Rivers

By

RONALD KAULBACK

"OUTSPANNED" IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING: Dzos, pack animals that are a cross between yaks and ordinary cattle, grazing by a lake after being released for the night

recorded in the Tibetan chronicles which had not some direct connection with their religion.

Their paintings, many of which are magnificently drawn and coloured, are full of detail, and, in some of the more complex, convention has crystallised the design to a point where almost every line has a special meaning. The most difficult of these to interpret surely and completely is the "Wheel of Life," which is said to have been originally drawn by Ananda with grains of rice on the ground to instruct the disciples in the doctrine of causation. In eastern Tibet, at least, these "Wheels of Life" are seldom seen, and the only man I met in eighteen months there who could draw one was a monk from Sera, the great monastery near Lhasa. He took five days to make one for me.

this picture, taken at a height of 15,000 ft. a "stupa." Such monuments usually uch revered by the local inhabitants

In a country with such extremes of climate as Tibet, it is strange that the lives of the inhabitants of the different districts should be so much the same. For example, in the upper part of the Salween valley, at between 13,000 ft. and 14,000 ft., even in summer the nights are cold, and during the winter, 40 deg. of frost are common. There is little vegetation, and a bitter wind blows from the west straight off the Great Plateau. Only 300 miles farther down the river, at a height of 8,000 ft., in winter it is quite mild and, in summer, like a furnace, with the heat beating back from the rocks and hardly a breeze moving. Grapes, apricots, walnuts, mulberries, pears, and maize grow in profusion round the villages, and one might be in a different country.

Yet, apart from the fact that the clothes in the one district are rather warmer than in the other, there is little difference between the two sets of people. Their customs are the same, even to working stripped to the waist; their methods of cultivation are the same. In fact, temperature seems to worry them hardly at all.

It is perhaps a further sign of the general unrest of to-day that the most modern establishment in Tibet is the army, although the Tibetans are a peace-loving nation who have made no war of aggression for several hundred years, and who desire nothing more than to be left in peace.

RUGGED GRANDEUR OF THE TIBETAN LANDSCAPE: A scene in the Salween Valley at a height of about 8,000 ft. and affording an interesting contrast to the picture, reproduced below on left, which was taken in the same valley but at a higher level. In the foreqround are walnut and apricot trees, and on the right is a small settlement

OFFICERS OF TIBET'S NEW ARMY, a modern establishment in a traditionally peace-loving country which now sees danger looming ahead. Their uniforms consist of canary-coloured jackets with scarlet collars. The trousers are dark blue with yellow stripes

EGYPT'S CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS TEMPORARILY SOLVED BY A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT: *Left*—Mohamed Mahmud Pasha cheered by students after it had become known that King Farouk had entrusted him with the formation of a Ministry composed of leading members of the Opposition parties. Previous to this His Majesty had dismissed Nahas Pasha from the Premiership as the only means of ending the deadlock between himself and the Wafdist Government, which in the opinion of the King's advisers was attempting to encroach upon the royal prerogative. *Right*—The King greeting his new chief executive

THE NEW REGIME IN RUMANIA: *Left*—King Carol, Crown Prince Michael (also wearing beret), and M. Octavian Goga, the recently appointed Premier, pictured after attending a New Year's service in Bucharest. *Right*—A recent impression of M. Goga whose assumption of office has caused such a surprise in view of the fact that, as leader of the National Christian Party, his followers represent fewer than 10 per cent. of the electorate. His home programme is avowedly anti-Semitic, but shrewd observers of the situation have stated that Jewish persecution may not necessarily follow on a serious scale

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO PORTUGAL: Sir Walford Selby (left), former Minister in Vienna, seen in Lisbon after presenting his credentials on taking up his latest appointment which, in view of the Civil War in neighbouring Spain, is one of special importance at this juncture

IT CALLED FOR DIPLOMACY: Mr. Wang, the Chinese Ambassador in Washington, leaving the White House with his attractive daughters after attending President Roosevelt's New Year reception at which the Japanese Ambassador was also present. The meeting could not be avoided

PERSONNEL FOR BRITAIN'S EXPANDING NAVY

The Training of Young Seamen to Man the New Ships Provides a Problem

BY FRANK C. BOWEN

WITH the large number of ships being added to the Navy in the immediate future, and the manner in which the personnel was cut to the bone during the economy period, the rapid and efficient training of the young seaman is one of the greatest problems which have to be faced by the Admiralty at the present time. The picturesque old wooden walls of other days have all been swept away and the preliminary training of the recruit is carried out in "stone frigates" ashore which are an advantage in every way except that they do not give the lad the groundwork of "ship feeling" before he joins an active man-of-war so that he is, naturally, apt to be bewildered. The temporary use of the battleships *Ramillies* and *Revenge* as sea-going training ships was only intended to tide the authorities over a difficult period; this it did but they are now badly needed in their proper squadron.

There is general agreement with the scheme put forward to draft the boys from shore training establishments into the ships of the Reserve Fleet for three months before they join seagoing ships, and as the number of ships in reserve is being increased by the replacement of the older cruisers in the squadrons, this scheme can be carried out with little difficulty and is capable of considerable expansion.

In due course, it is very generally hoped, the old Training Squadron will be revived, so that the lads can join their ships with "their sea legs shipped" and well on the way to becoming really useful bluejackets.

The training of boys was the natural result of the introduction of the long service system after the Crimean War had proved that the old haphazard way of entering a boy or young man and helping him to teach himself only with a rope's end was no longer sufficient. Apart from old ratings re-enlisting from commission to commission, the Navy put the highest value on men from the Merchant Service, and the hanging of a shirt on the fore-stay in the presence of a British man-of-war, no matter in what part of the world she might be, was the recognised signal that the merchantman had a man or men on board who wanted to volunteer for naval service. The warship would then send a boat, partly to make sure that the man was paid up to date and partly to prevent the master of ship doing anything to hinder his volunteering, which was very strictly against the law. These men were, as a rule, good seamen, but there was always a vast difference between life on board a merchantman and a man-of-war, and they had a lot to learn beside the work of assisting the seamen-gunners from the *Excellent* in the handling of the guns.

The first boys' harbour training ship was the *Lion*, commissioned in 1860, and later part of the *Impregnable* establishment, but she was soon joined by others, and there was a fine chain of these floating schools all round the coast. The boys were in the sea atmosphere the moment they joined the ships which as a rule were so old that they were exceedingly insanitary; the quarters were cramped, and the ventilation was very deficient, with the result that many serious epidemics broke out. To begin with, the preliminary sea-training was provided by the various flying squadrons which were organised from time to time and which often cruised round the world. In the 'seventies several obsolete frigates were employed, and, although they were excellent for training the boys and teaching them smartness, the heavy death-rolls when the *Atalanta* and *Eurydice* foundered on that service brought them into disfavour.

The harbour training ships were given as tenders the picturesque little brigs, some old and some specially built, which were such a feature round the English Channel in the latter part of the nineteenth century—*Seaflower*, *Sealark*, *Liberty*, *Pilot*, and the like. The sloop *Cruiser* was attached to the Mediterranean Fleet for the training of ordinary seamen. The brigs never went far away from the home ports to which they were attached, but under the command of some of the smartest lieutenants in the Navy they contrived to pack some very concentrated training into their short cruises, taking the boys out of the ships in batches.

These brigs were not displaced when the Training Squadron was constituted in 1885. It began with the *Active*, *Volage*, *Calypso*, and *Rover*, cruisers contemporary with the early ironclads whose engines were so extravagant that they were little more than an auxiliary to their heavy rig. The boys went into this squadron when they had finished in the harbour training ships, and a number of cadets also put to sea in them. Their cruises lasted for some months and by the time they were finished the youngsters had a very thorough grounding as seamen, for their officers and instructors did not spare them. It must be admitted, however, that the old bluejacket usually spoke of this period in the training squadron as being among the happiest of his life.

At the end of the century the old masted ships were condemned and replaced by a miscellaneous squadron of cruisers, some built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889 and some quite modern, as the Admiralty had anticipated "Jackie" Fisher's belief that the boys should pay more attention to machinery and gunnery, so that unless the Navy went to the expense of building special ships for the purpose, as had been done in some other navies, the masts and yards had to go. When Fisher came into power he established the Fourth Cruiser (Particular Service) Squadron of modern cruisers to train cadets and boys at the same time, spending most of its time on the North American and West Indies Station. In 1913,

(Continued on page 116)

COWBOY AND FAIRY QUEEN LAUGHED UPROARIOUSLY as, with other youngsters in fancy dress, they watched the antics of Punch and Judy in one of the side-shows at the Mansion House where on Twelfth Night, the old Christmas day of tradition, the Lord and Lady Mayoress gave a Juvenile Ball, some 600 children attending together with about 400 grown-ups. A spectacular and attractive feature was the presence of the band of the Scots Guards. They led the parade in the Egyptian Hall and then played in the centre as the youngsters filed past in their gay costumes

TWELFTH NIGHT *In* LONDON

On left — CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Mr. C. M. Lowne with Miss Marie Löhr Mr. Ivor Novello, Miss Dorothy Dickson, and other members of the company of *Crest of the Wave*, standing round him as he performed the ceremony. The cake is cut every year on Twelfth Night and distributed among the actors and actresses of Drury Lane in keeping with the terms of a bequest. Meanwhile a similar ceremony took place at the Old Vic and (*on the right*) Vivien Leigh (Titania) and Robert Helpmann (Oberon) are seen officiating with other players in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* looking on

HEELS AND HOSE IN

Details From Pictures in the Royal Reveal Fascinating Sidelights on the

AN EXTRA SOLE SUPPORTED THE SMALL HEEL IN THE 1630s, when Mytens painted the portrait of James, 1st Duke of Hamilton, of which this is a detail. This footwear is typical of a transitional stage between early riding boots and the exaggerated bucket-topped boots of the laced cavalier

GORGEOUS SHOES AND GARTERS OF JAMES I'S REIGN as worn by Richard Sackville, 3rd Earl of Dorset, another notability of the seventeenth century. Luxurious trimmings such as these were lavished on masculine apparel, particularly during the first twenty-five years of the century. The decoration of both garters and rosettes is composed of hundreds of tiny coloured glass dew-drops, sewn on to fine gold lace

THIS CLUMSY, ILL-BALANCED CORK HEEL, worn by the central figure in the David des Granges picture of the Saltonstall family, belongs to the 1640s and must have made walking a dangerous and at the same time painful accomplishment. It will also be noted how the fragility of the daintily laced and spangled garters is strangely at variance with the creased hose

THE BOOTS WORN BY LORD JOHN AND LORD BERNARD STUART: Those on the right have excellently placed heels, and give an altogether more comfortable effect than the majority of footwear produced in the 1630s. The very elegant hose, just showing over the flap of the turned down boots, have the beautiful point lace seen in much of Van Dyck's work

The Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-century European Art, which is arousing such interest at Burlington House, and has been the subject of a number of pages of pictures in recent issues of THE SPHERE, *deserves attention, not only for its artistic importance, but also as an epitome of fashion in an era when much time and money were spent on dress. Footwear at that period was undergoing considerable development, and the accompanying details of some of the canvases throw much light on the trend of fashion. The notes are written by Iris Brooke, an expert on historical costume :—*

FOOTWEAR reached a dramatic stage in its evolution during the closing years of Queen Elizabeth's reign with the introduction of the heel and, as may be seen in the accompanying details of pictures, it was then a feature in no more than its experimental stages.

Shoemakers tried various styles and shapes in heels in their efforts to produce a

THE 17TH CENTURY

Academy Exhibition of European Art
Fantastic Fashions of the Period

DAINTY SPOTTED SHOES worn by the 1st Duke of Buckingham, in his dress as Lord High Admiral. Though in appearance restrained in design, compared with the ostentatious fashions of the period, they must have been very uncomfortable to wear with their tiny heels set almost under the instep

WHERE ELABORATION REACHED ITS LIMIT: The 4th Earl of Dorset was the owner of these elegantly embroidered white shoes with gold lace rosettes on the toes. The hose of fine silk appear to be painted, but this may be the artist's interpretation of coloured embroidery

well-balanced shoe with a heel some 2 ins. in height, and an amusing and typical variety is shown here.

There are contemporary records of men's legs swelling with wearing these new-fangled peculiarities, and a satirical poem of the time states that they "tread on corked stilts at pris'nor's pace."

Not only is the first half of the seventeenth century interesting in its adoption of heeled shoes, but also in the more or less general wear of silk stockings by all those who could possibly afford such expensive luxuries.

Vast fortunes were squandered on clothes, and at a time when decoration seemed to be the primary purpose of clothing, the very symmetry of the legs demanded special attention, so that they did not appear too simple in contrast with the over-decorated garments of their owners. Therefore we find a bewildering conglomeration of garters, stocking-tops, boot-hose, embroidered hose, and ornately decorated boots — all with their share of fantastic ornament.

That shoes were neither comfortable nor hard wearing seems to have been one of the problems of the seventeenth century.

OVERSTOCKINGS WORN HANGING DOWN IN THIS MANNER were in vogue in the late 'fifties and the 'sixties of the seventeenth century. By that time the passion for lace and gold cord had been substituted by an equally general craze for bunches of coloured ribbons. Here we see the garters, breeches, and even the hat adorned with them

THE "BUTTERFLY" FLAPS on the boots worn by William Villiers, 2nd Viscount Grandison, were of a most exaggerated type, and not content with this absurdity their owner added bows of ribbon. In this particular painting can be seen how the toes of the boots attained their squareness by the leather being folded straight back on to the sole

TENSION

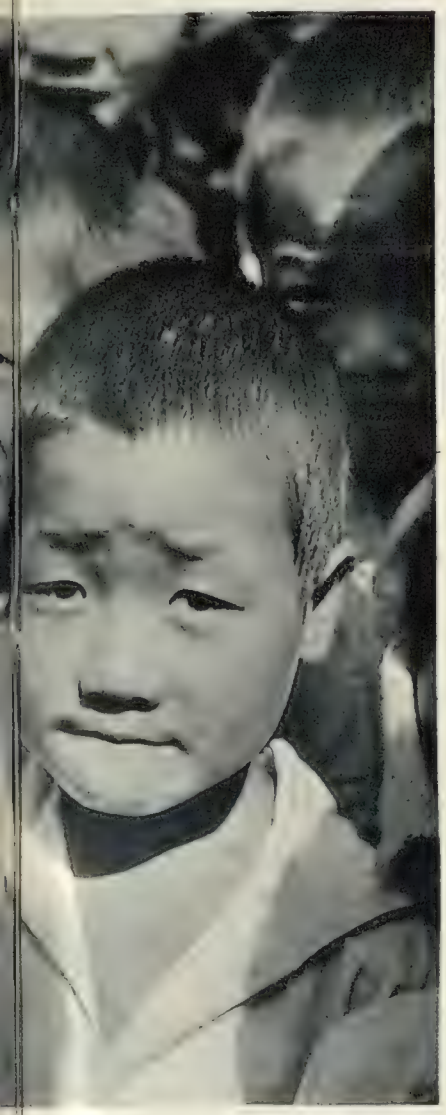
THE PLIGHT OF SHANGHAI'S PEOPLE: Police using their batons to hold at bay a crowd of hungry refugees eager to obtain supplies from a rice distribution centre. Such a scene is a tragic reminder of life in the city where, according to the British Consul-General, at least 350,000 are destitute, depending entirely on charity for their existence. He anticipates that distress will steadily increase until the spring and, although it may become less acute after April, it will be quite a year before the problem is "liquidated". Urgent appeals are being sent out for more funds to cope with the situation

DEPENDENT ON WORLD CHRIT refugee camp where th ar scriptions from local co mu be maintained for 4s. mo

U.S TROOPS PARADE IN INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT: The Colour Guard of the Sixth Regiment of the United States Marines pictured on the race course during a recent review. *Below*—The French Guard of Honour giving a farewell salute in honour of Colonel F. R. W. Graham, D.S.O., M.C., at the parade held on the occasion of his leavetaking from the post of Commandant of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps

BRITAIN'S COMMANDER: Brigadier-General Telfer-Smollett, (ri) w international Settlement pictured with Japanese officers ch w many "incidents" that have occurred since the occupa n. members of the Shanghai police force the commander, i rep

IN SHANGHAI: *New Pictures from the International Settlement*



CHARITY: Typical Chinese youngsters in a Shanghai th are being fed, clothed, and housed on sub- co munities and from abroad. Each refugee can month and China's destitute total 1,000,000

(ri) who is in charge of our defence force in the h whom he was parleying following one of the n. After the assault last week on two British reported, protested strongly to the Japanese

IN DEATH, PEACE: The body of Captain Tang Li-Kwan, skipper of a British steamer owned by the firm of Butterfield and Swire, laid out for burial in Shanghai. The Captain was killed by Japanese machine-gun bullets when he was taking his boat to Tsunming Island a Japanese air base situated at the mouth of the Yangtse near Woosing, to see to the safety of nine nuns living there. On board the vessel, which was flying the Union Jack, was Mr. E. B. Boothby, British Vice-Consul

PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS: Members of the Shanghai staff of Butterfield and Swire, a noted business house in the Orient, pictured at the funeral of Captain Tang Li-Kwan, the skipper of the company's steamer who, as noted above, was shot by the Japanese when engaged in relief work. Five of the men in this picture, it will be seen, are Europeans—men who throughout the past troubled months have carried on as best they could in the midst of great anxiety. There are thousands of such English workers in the International Settlement whose outlook for the future is most uncertain, owing to the problematic attitude of Japan towards British business interests and property

On right—

THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN TANG LI-KWAN: A band playing as the coffin of the Chinese skipper was carried out to the waiting hearse

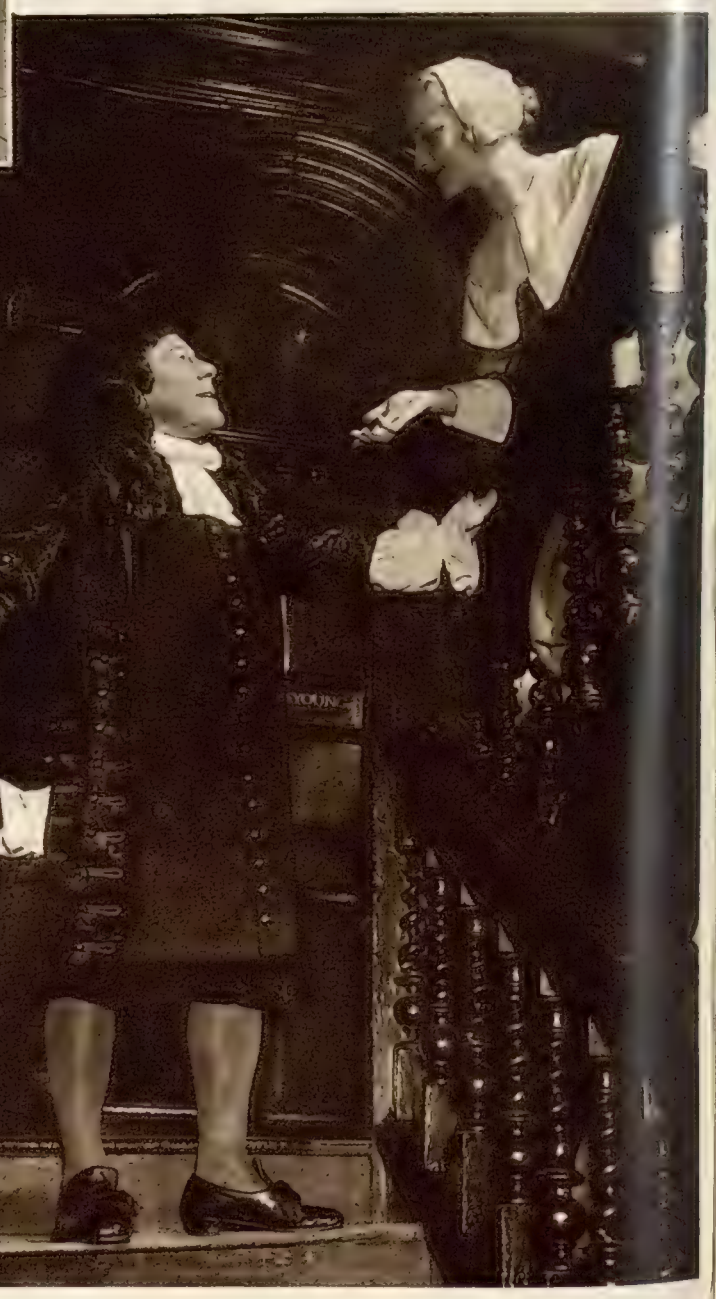
THE STAGE IN

compensate them for their loss. This he does by selling himself to a rich, middle-aged woman, who adores him and by then chucking her for a young girl, apparently on the principle that if one does something not so very dishonourable one should do something far worse in order to balance matters.

Most of it is played as farce. Mr. Henry Kendall, who has produced the piece, has seen to it that the pace is snappy, and plenty of laughs result. He is himself laden with a part rotten with such appalling facetiousness that he can be forgiven for clowning it to the ultimate degree.

In the last act, which for some inscrutable reason takes place in the kitchen, he compiles at great length a catalogue of the merits and demerits of the sundry females. This has nothing whatever to do with the play and I found it tedious in the extreme; it was mercifully brought to a close by Mr. Kendall becoming engaged to the maid-servant, who was by far the best-bred person of the whole of that ricketty racketty crew, the part being played quite exquisitely by Miss Diana Beaumont.

An equally fine performance was that of Miss Tone Edgar Bruce, who had the difficult job of making an amorous and faded beauty sympathetic. I do not know whether the author was following the dreadful example of W. S. Gilbert, who sketched such characters with the sole idea of getting amusement out of them; some sections of the audience guffawed loudly, as they always will at the aging female in pursuit of the male. But the dignity, the clever changes of tone, and the subtle strokes of comedy displayed by Miss Bruce lifted her contribution right out of the atmosphere of farce.



POSING IN A PEPYSIAN SETTING: *Above and on right*—Edmund Gwenn, wearing the costume of Samuel Pepys in which he is now appearing in W. P. Lipscomb's play, *Thank You, Mr. Pepys!* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and Stella Bonheur in the costume of Mary Skinner, the great diarist's housekeeper. This picture was specially posed for "The Sphere" at No. 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, the house which has just been discovered to have been one of Pepys' homes and which appears to-day much as it did in Restoration times. It was while preparing the historical notes for "The Strand" volume of the new L.C.C. survey of London that Miss Ida Darlington found proof of his residence there. It has long been known that he also lived at No. 14, two doors away

FAMILY plays are obviously the vogue, and the more untidy and more scrappy and the more Bohemian the family concerned, the better. Not, I would add, the better as a play nor even as an entertainment. But if the family is Sangerish and the members of it are given to behaving also like another Sanger family—of the circus world—the more likely is the author to get his play produced.

Mr. Cyril Campion's crowd in *This Money Business*, which has come from Kew to the Ambassadors, have little of Mr. Rodney Ackland's craving, however unsuccessful, for the artistic, though one of them is an actor. So far from glorying in being poor (and being rather funny about it), they are determined to get rich quick. *This Money Business* involves some monkey business about a company supplying pine-apples to the teeming millions, whether they want them or not.

A son of the house—the actor one—persuades his friends and relations, and even the pretty maid-servant to part with savings, enriches them on the snowball system, and when the crash comes considers himself in honour bound to

Left — "AND SO TO BED": Another picture specially taken for "The Sphere" of Edmund Gwenn as Samuel Pepys on the staircase of No. 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, where it is now established, from information in rate books, that he went to live after his release from imprisonment in the Tower in July of the year 1679

JANUARY:

Another Queer Stage Family Makes Its Bow at the Ambassadors : A High Standard in New Production at the Wells : Public Criticism of "One Set" Plays

By PHILIP PAGE

WAGNER AT SADLER'S WELLS: William Booth in his original part as David, the apprentice, and Valetta Jacopi as Magdalena, a role new to her this season, in *The Meistersingers*. This opera was last year's addition to the Wagnerian repertory at the theatre and this latest presentation is a replica of that production with, however, some interesting changes of cast

Mr. Henry Hewitt, admirable actor, was vaguely amusing as a vague composer (and father of the family), and several attractive young women did their several jobs attractively and well.

"Hansel und Gretel."—Sadler's Wells is now boldly essaying Wagner—even *Die Walküre*. But I venture to think Humperdinck's *Hansel und Gretel* is more suited to the size of the theatre. It is true the composer was a Wagnerian disciple and somewhat overloaded the children's fairy story with an elaborate score demanding a huge orchestra. But this can be whittled down with advantage, provided the whittling is done as skilfully as it is at the Wells, where the necessarily reduced orchestra seemed to me quite adequate.

The new *décor* is delightful, strict realism being avoided without puzzling absurdities. The lighting in the second part of Act 1 might have been better; surely the whole point of the awakening of the two children and the song of the Dew Fairy is that morning has arrived after a possibly rather trying night. At the performance I saw Hansel and Gretel awoke on a much darker stage than that on which they had been lulled to sleep by fourteen Rosebery Avenue angels, and it seemed to grow even darker until the Gingerbread House appeared.

However, the singing, acting, and production generally are much more important, and these were on an exceptionally high scale. Miss Sybil Hambleton's Gretel I remember a couple of years or more ago at the Old Vic; she is as charmingly childlike as ever, and is singing far better. Miss Rose Morris as Hansel refrained, thank goodness, from the conventional "boyish" trick of striding about with her hands in her pockets and her legs wide apart (leagues should be formed to prevent Hansels doing this); she acted more than adequately and sang really well. Miss Constance Willis's Witch is famous and, of course, comically horrible; strange how the kiddies enjoy this opera, with nearly a whole act devoted to pretended preparations for cannibalism.

Hansel und Gretel was preceded by the ballet, *The Gods Go A-begging*. It was good to see the name of Sir Thomas Beecham, who has arranged and selected some examples of Handel at his best, figuring on a Sadler's Wells programme. This ballet was danced recently at Covent Garden by the De Basil company with Sir Thomas conducting, and the balletomanes and other experts at once fell to comparing furiously the two productions and performances and to "proclaiming with no little heat their various opinions." I will content myself with proclaiming, without heat or fury, that I vastly enjoyed both, with a strong predilection for the lovely dancing of Miss Pearl Argyle of the Wells.

I trust, by the way, the Wells stage is not without heat, for on what seemed to be the most bitterly cold night for years two of the poor "gods" stood motionless and naked on pedestals, clad only in that minimum which decency compels. One can only hope that the warmth of the reception saved them from pneumonia.

Scenic Economy.—Quite a number of correspondents of late have protested at the growing tendency, as the phrase goes, to cut down scenic expense to a minimum and to produce plays with what is technically known as one "set."

I doubt whether this is such a recent tendency after all; there were no changes of scene when the Big Three of Athens, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, produced their snappy little sketches in the theatre of Dionysus. Shakespearean audiences gazed, willy nilly, for a whole play at an uninspiring portion of what the great man himself called "this wooden O" or even at a mere inn courtyard, and had to accept a scrawled inscription—"This is a forest" and so forth—in lieu of such excitement as scenic changes are supposed to afford. But that is by the way.

The one scene or "set" of the modern comedy exists primarily for financial reasons. In spectacular musical shows, in opera, operetta, musical comedy or revue, it would obviously be out of the question. But in straight comedy it is possible to exercise such economy and, with the increased risks and expenses of post-war theatrical production (I forget exactly how many times more costly scenery, paint and canvas are than they used to be) it is difficult to blame managements for doing so. In addition they are tempted to such cautious ways by the author, who, unless he is of established repute or is pretty sure that his wares are of such a quality that no one will resist them, is in most cases shrewd enough to realise that his comedy in three acts will stand infinitely more chance of acceptance if one scene will do for the lot.

I can see the point of those grumblers who become bored with the sight of one room, or whatever it is, with which they have to be content for a whole evening. But it will be found that grumbles will occur only if the play is not up to the mark. If the play is sufficiently amusing or attractive or thrilling, or quaint, or whatever it may set out to be, the point simply does not arise. I have seen *Yes and No* twice, and have given no thought on either occasion to the fact that the whole of it takes place in a room in a country vicarage (and therefore a room remarkable neither for luxurious appointments nor for a wealth of artistic display) for the excellent reason that this little piece happens to amuse me extremely. There are other one-set plays now running in London which are in the same fortunate category.

Without dragging in the obvious Shakespearean tag, we can leave it that a play is scenically monotonous only when it is itself monotonous. A good play must be equipped adequately. It does not matter a dam how a bad one is equipped. "To each play according to its needs." And if that sounds uncomfortably like Karl Marx, I cannot help it.

CHOICE, COUNTER CHOICE: Frances Day was originally selected to star in Firth Shephard's show *Choose Your Time* at the Piccadilly Theatre, but a serious indisposition prevented her. However, as depicted *on left*, she is well on the road to recovery in Switzerland, where she is enjoying the exhilaration of the winter sports. Florence Desmond (*above*) has taken her place and gives her usual good performance

BRILLIANT IMPERSONATION

Florence Desmond, whose character sketches are a never failing source of entertainment, includes Greta Garbo and Queen Victoria in her repertoire in *Choose Your Time*, presented by Firth Shephard at the Piccadilly Theatre. It will be noted that she wears the same dress, with differences, in both sketches

GINGER ROGERS IS NOT OVERSHADOWED by Katherine Hepburn or Adolph Menjou in *Stage Door*, revealing indeed that she is as much at home in a straight film as in those light, fantastic musicals

WHERE'S FRED? Ginger Rogers, (right), for once without her great dancing partner, with Gail Patrick in *Stage Door* which was recently presented at the Regal. She has a really remarkable power of subtle comedy

ASIAN EPIC: Segrid Gurie, Samuel Goldwyn's latest screen discovery, in the magnificent pearl headdress she wears as the Tartar Princess in *Marco Polo*, the story of the great Venetian adventurer, on the making of which Hollywood is said to have lavished in the neighbourhood of £300,000. *Above*—Gary Cooper, who plays the title-role, in one of his romantic scenes with Miss Gurie. Marco Polo, for the purpose of the picture, is given a gaiety of temperament that is somewhat at variance with the verdict of history

THE PICTURE THAT WON THE MUSSOLINI CUP in the last Venice film contest. Harry Baur (left) playing the part of a Capucine monk in *Un Carnet de Bal* which was recently presented at the Oxford Street cinema, Studio One, and is regarded as something of a classic in screen entertainment. Its episodic character is much in the manner of Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, showing what becomes in later life of a little band of men, each of whom has, in his own way sworn eternal love for the heroine

Film Notes

SILENT TALKIES

It Sounds Paradoxical, But Some Film Directors Seem Definitely Averse to Dialogue

THE amount of space to be allotted to dialogue in film pictures varies with different directors. Some appear to think that speech should be reduced to a minimum—a few wisecracks here and there—but the main thing in a picture should be that it was moving. The hero is shown driving up to the door, giving his hat to the butler, greeting the heroine with a few brief words as they move rapidly out of the house into the car, and then much reel is taken up in showing the speedy passing of trees and general scenery, while the wind blows the girl's hair, and only some ejaculatory remarks are possible. Other directors are coming to realise that a little more rest is agreeable, a certain sense of continuance with good reasonable dialogue. This is well demonstrated in that excellent French picture *Un Carnet de Bal* (now showing at Studio One) where each episode of the story is told in amusing, pathetic, or tragic speech as well as in dramatic movement.

It is interesting to learn that much of Mr. Bernard Shaw's dialogue is to be used in the film of his play *Pygmalion*, which depends, in common with all Mr. Shaw's plays, more on its wit and humorous satire than on action. For once Mr. Shaw, it is said, is allowing the director and all concerned with the production, a free hand. Mr. Leslie Howard, who is co-directing with Mr. Anthony Asquith, will play the Professor, and Wendy Hiller, who made her name in *Love on the Dole*, is to be Eliza Doolittle, the dustman's daughter who was experimented upon by the professor. If this picture which is to be produced at Pinewood proves a popular success then it is to be hoped other producers will venture on enriching their pictures with good and sufficient dialogue.

A danger, which can be foreseen, is the using of films for political purposes. The German and Italian pictures enforce and glorify nationalism, and one hears a rumour from Hollywood that there are certain communistic tendencies among a section of the actors themselves, who want films to be devoted to social "uplift". Such pictures would no doubt be grim and sordid, showing the cruel class difference under a capitalistic system. It is to be hoped that English films at least will avoid such pitfalls.

The latest of the epic films which will be seen shortly is the story of *Marco Polo*, the adventurous traveller to Cathay in the thirteenth century. He and his father and uncle were merchants from Venice who carried some of their merchandise right across Asia, through Bagdad and Kashgar, over the Gobi desert to the court of Kublai Khan, the leader of the Mongols who made himself Emperor of China. Marco Polo found favour with the Khan who made him a governor of a district. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Polos managed to get free from the over-cordial Emperor and obtain permission to return home. All that is known of Marco Polo comes from his own account of his travels, so that the producer of the films has had to draw largely upon imagination. Though Marco Polo's book is singularly lacking in humour it has been decided to make him a merry fellow, thus giving Gary Cooper a great opportunity for comedy.

The cost of the picture is round about £300,000, a figure which can almost be understood when one reads of the huge buildings laid out in Hollywood for the Khan's palace and the Great Wall of China. The research work was arduous for there was little to go upon concerning costumes, but something sufficiently realistic has been achieved. A young Norwegian girl, Segrid Gurie, is playing the Tartar princess. She is a discovery of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and is said to have great intelligence and a particular gift which makes her admirably suited to the part. Great difficulty was experienced in getting Oriental people for the crowd for few of them could ride, and it was essential that Tartars should be efficient horsemen.

A quite different picture to Marco Polo, but an "epic" also in its own way, will arrive shortly from America—Walt Disney's first full-length picture, *Snow White and Seven Dwarfs*. This picture has been several years in making and appears to be a stupendous effort on the part of the Disney production; it incorporates eight songs. It is a pity it was not ready to be shown over here in time for Christmas.

Screen partners who have built up a great name, becoming popular favourites in their combination, find it hard to separate and yet have a natural desire to see what they can do on their own, and in a different style. That some of the ex-partners have been successful apart has been proved, and certainly Miss Ginger Rogers, in *Stage Door*, without Fred Astaire and the glamour of her exquisite dancing, evinces a power of subtle comedy. She was acting with restraint but showed a reserve of considerable power and was not overshadowed by Miss Katherine Hepburn, who for her part was acting at her best, having discarded some of the mannerisms which had irritated her admirers of late.

B. H.

FIFTH TIME LUCKY: With the band on deck playing "Auld Lang Syne," the 31,000-ton battleship *Warspite* sailed from Portsmouth on January 6 to become flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, who up to now has been flying his flag in the *Barham*, a sister ship. Fog had held up the *Warspite* the day before, and previously, on three occasions, mechanical defects—following a £2,362,000 reconstruction—had delayed the sailing. The *Warspite* was completed at Devonport in 1915, but so radical have been the recent alterations that she may now be regarded as one of the most up-to-date units in the Royal Navy

H.M.S. "WARSPITE"

Leaves Portsmouth to Become Flagship with the Mediterranean Fleet

On right—
FAREWELL TO "POMPEY": *Warspite* as she steamed from Portsmouth harbour en route to the Mediterranean

Drawn by Percy Home

TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME AND THE ILE ST LOUIS seen from the Qual Henri IV, always a busy point, with barges in foreground. Across the river is the Qual St. Bernard and the Jardin des Plantes

PARIS GUARDS HER

But London, Architecturally Speaking, Lies Hopelessly Undefended Against the Ravages of Vandalistic Attack

By ALEXANDER WATT

In the accompanying article, a Sphere correspondent in Paris, whose interest in art subjects is well known, makes an informative and detailed comparison between the architecture of Paris and London, showing how the former city is fully protected against development of an unaesthetic nature, while London, for the most part, lies hopelessly undefended against vandalistic attack and, for this reason, is from decade to decade losing much of its old-time character.

PARIS, the international art centre of the world, is justly proud of its historic buildings, sites, streets, squares, and monumental perspectives—heritage of successive great periods of French architecture. City planning in the French capital is most carefully supervised, ancient buildings being preserved and kept in good repair by the constant vigilance of a number of local councils and committees. There also exist several official and semi-official organisations which devote themselves solely to this end and try to ensure that every rule and regulation concerning the preservation of historic monuments and the erection of modern buildings is strictly adhered to. Thus the architecture of Paris has a pleasing uniformity, and at the same time the historic and aesthetic significance of individual buildings receives due consideration.

This is, sadly enough, far from so in London and, in this article, it is hoped by enlarging on the methods adopted in Paris to stress the completely inadequate restrictions concerning the preservation of the historic sites of London and the erection of modern buildings throughout the city. The apparently uncontrolled manner in which architects are granted the liberty to demolish famous dwellings and, in place, construct buildings of disproportionate and incongruous character is a subject that has aroused the protest of artists, architects, and all those who cherish the aesthetic ideal. The transformation of Park Lane and Berkeley Square, the disastrous disappearance of their historic houses, fully justify the outcry against careless architectural supervision. Whither London? is a question that is asked with deep misgiving.

In Paris, and in any town of importance, a conflict is continually in progress between two parties actively interested in the problem of town planning: those who would see the preservation of historic buildings and sites (even though they may not serve any fixed purpose) from an aesthetic point of view; and the artists who create, the architects, who, naturally enough, insist that they be allowed to construct their buildings in place of houses of no specific value.

Who decides with regard to such matters? who supervises and enriches or, maybe, impoverishes the architecture of Paris? There is no definite reply to these questions, for one single administration does not exist.

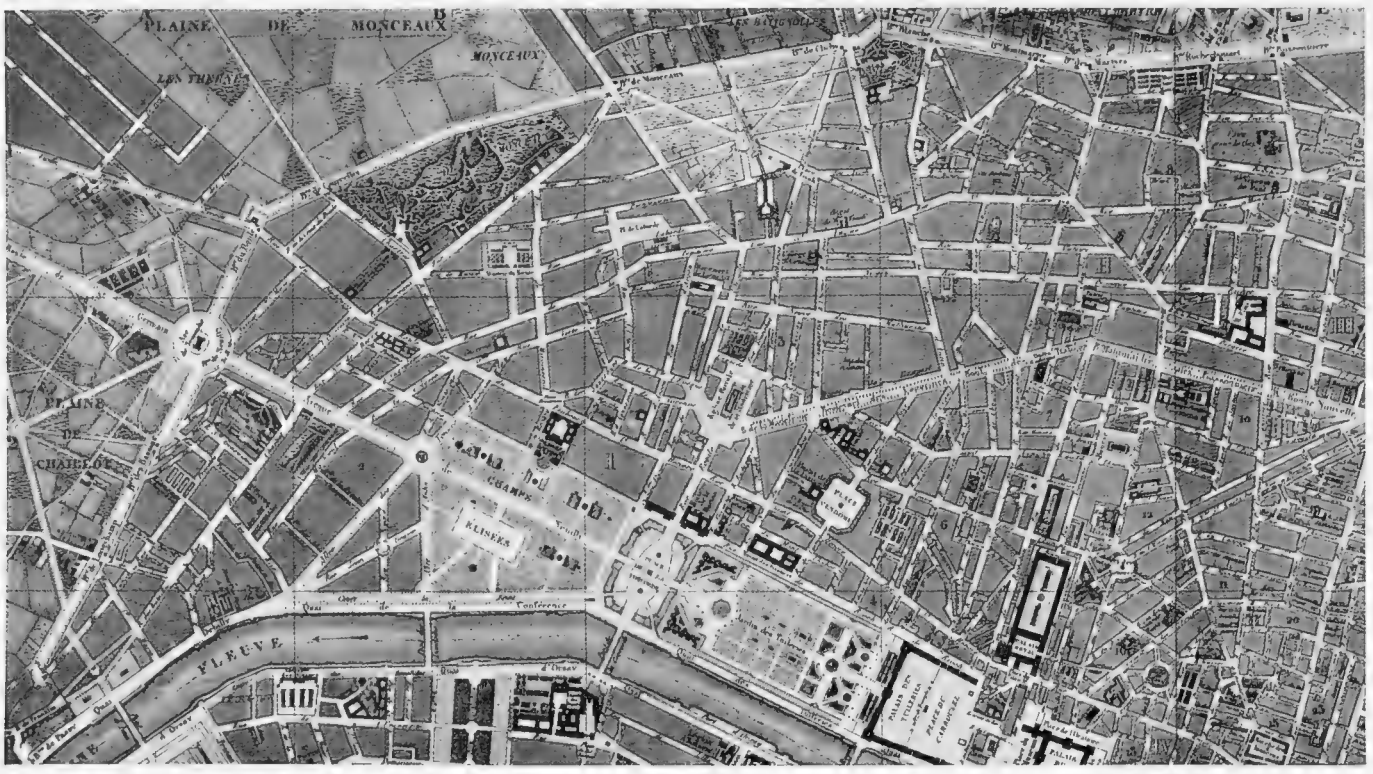
Indeed the conflict between the architectural aesthete and creator is held in check by a number of official councils appointed by the Government: Le Conseil général des Bâtiments civils, Le Comité consultatif d'architecture, La Direction générale des Beaux-Arts, La Commission ministérielle des Perspectives monumentales, La Commission des Monuments historiques, La Commission municipale de Vieux Paris.

The Conseil général des Bâtiments civils incorporates a committee of architects who supervise the construction of State buildings, while the Comité consultatif d'architecture—an organisation much wider in scope—has to deal with the construction of municipal buildings. The latter constitutes a body of Government appointed architects, qualified both in law and architecture, whose sole occupation is to study the plans of every proposed edifice in order to ensure that it conforms with the rules and regulations. This is an ancient institution dating from the time of Henri IV. As for the Direction générale des Beaux-Arts, it is responsible for the upkeep and maintenance of such buildings as Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Tuileries, etc.

There also exists an important Government enactment which stipulates that any reconstruction work or new building erected in the classified monumental perspectives, such as the rue de Rivoli, the Place de l'Etoile, Place de la Concorde, Place de Vendôme, Place de Vosges, must conform exactly with the existing style of architecture. If only Berkeley Square had been classified as a monumental site we would not have had the mortification of witnessing the demolition of its famous houses and the erection of modern buildings of doubtful merit.

One of the most complex and delicate architectural questions in Paris, and, indeed, in any city, concerns the building of private houses. In Paris a decree of August 13, 1902, dealing mainly with problems of hygiene, regulated the height and projection of the façade in proportion to the width of the street. The maximum height that the façade of a building can attain is 20 metres, and the total height attained by upper storeys receding from the alignment of the front elevation 31 metres. This, at the time, was a necessary regulation in itself, yet it did not hinder the erection of many buildings that varied considerably in scale, appearance, and perspective, and were out of keeping with the style of surrounding buildings. Moreover the regulation was not strictly adhered to.

In 1911 steps were taken to modify the regulation following the erection of certain buildings which were greatly criticised by the public. Actually, it was the erection of the Hôtel Astoria, by the Place de l'Etoile, that brought about this modification. It was found that this building exceeded the regulation height and tended to detract from the



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE: A map of a section of the French capital in 1842, over ten years before Baron Haussmann appeared on the scene and made the radical alterations, including the building of the boulevards, that earned him the title of "the maker of modern Paris." Since then changes of a like magnitude have been impossible owing to powerful organisations pledged to preserve the city's uniformity

SILHOUETTE

uniform harmony of the houses that encircled the Arc de Triomphe. The Commission ministérielle des Perspectives monumentales, specially appointed to revise the regulation of 1902, urged that different systems should be imposed for different regions.

As a result it was decreed that the Préfet de la Seine had authority to forbid, absolutely if necessary, the erection of any modern building in the immediate vicinity of classified sites and monumental perspectives.

At the same time restrictions were drawn up concerning the construction of buildings on the Ile St. Louis. Here, for example, it is expressly prohibited to introduce any bay-windows or salient features on the façades of any of the houses on the island for, rightly too, it is considered that this would be at artistic variance with the ancient architectural character of this historic quarter of Paris. M. Sue, the eminent Paris architect, who erected the new block of luxury flats on the Quai de Béthune, typical example of the care taken for the preservation of such sites is that of the Louis XV fountain in the rue de Grenelle. While riding down this street one day the King narrowly escaped an accident. He vowed to erect a monument on the very spot. It still exists. If one visits it to-day it will be seen as a mere shell-like edifice. All the houses around it are being rebuilt. The new adjoining buildings have had to be constructed in harmony with this monument which is classified by this council.

STRICTLY IN KEEPING: A general view of the vast new block of luxury flats built last year on the Quai de Béthune, Ile St. Louis, by M. Sue, the eminent Paris architect, who, in conformity with the regulations governing building development in this historic quarter, planned the place with due regard to the surrounding architecture. The Mansard roof, the iron balconies, and the seventeenth-century doors (*seen in detail above*) were insisted upon by the architectural councils which studied the plans in advance

PARIS—A DIAGRAM OF ARCHITECTURAL STYLES: This drawing shows various types of building dating from the beginning of the 17th century to the beginning of the 20th. They are here shown standing side by side so that the styles may be studied at a glance. All periods received the care of the Commission municipale de Vieux Paris and kindred bodies

The Commission municipale de Vieux Paris is an official organisation endowed with no special authority yet of considerable moral influence. It is composed of savants, artists, and enlightened people who work unceasingly on behalf of Paris. Its members are ever ready to protest vehemently, condemn without waiting to be consulted, and take the initiative in all matters of aesthetic import in architecture. It is significant that this powerful organisation was formed shortly after Baron Haussmann "rebuilt" Paris.

This, then, is a brief outline of the systems that control the preservation of historic monuments, and the regulations that govern the town-planning of Paris. The vigilance of the various councils that are

HEART OF HISTORIC PARIS: The Ile de la Cité and the Ile St. Louis where the strictest surveillance is kept on all building development, architectural plans being carefully scrutinised by responsible bodies

situated on the Notre Dame side of the Ile St. Louis, told me that the plans were closely studied by the architectural councils for a matter of months before permission was granted for its construction. Even then it was stipulated that certain features of the former building should be employed, such as the original seventeenth-century doors and first-floor balconies.

Another method dealing with the aesthetic problem is the clever formula adopted by the State whereby the Government purchases land in the old quarters of Paris where the demolition of the houses is made necessary. This is then sold to individual citizens on the understanding that new houses of a particular style shall be erected there.

The Commission des Monuments historiques lends noteworthy support to the carrying out of these schemes not only with regard to the City of Paris but the whole of France. Although there still remain a few unrecognised private houses of architectural interest, this council has succeeded in classifying all the historic buildings and monuments in Paris. A held responsible accounts for the persisting beauty of Paris. Naturally, it can hardly be expected that such an enormous undertaking should be so well supervised that minor unattractive architectural features do not occasionally appear, such as exterior wall partitions. It is significant, however, that this very point in question is presented for measures of revision in a following decree.

Thus it is that, to a great extent, the charm and traditional character of Paris are preserved, and without hindering its material development. Apart from a process of public collectivism, this is managed by a legislative and well-regulated system of a sort of permanent council formed, in parts, by the different consulting committees designed for definite individual purposes.

But what of similar conditions in London? Do they exist? If so, how is the present state of its architecture to be accounted for? If there are similar councils in London then there is something greatly amiss with the regulations. If there are similar regulations—even more important—then they are not strictly adhered to, because they are not properly supervised.

In 1926 the City of Bath enacted a by-law which included a clause giving the corporation the option to reject or accept any planning or building design which, in their opinion, was detrimental to the aesthetic whole of Bath's beauty. As regards this city in particular, this was an important and timely regulation. It seems that this clause has since been extensively introduced by other municipalities and county councils who, however, misappropriate the regulation. For example, they blindly permit certain firms to erect almost any sort of building so long as there is some slight evidence of neo-Georgian stylisation in the window-framing, any form of "traditional" architecture, in preference to the erection of a building planned by an eager

(*Continued on page 110*)

Drawn by Percy Horne

A GLIMPSE OF THE OLDER PARIS: One encounters these charmingly picturesque corners south of the Hôtel des Monnaies and the Boulevard St. Germain. Little courtyards stimulate curiosity and old stone façades recall the history of earlier days

THE FIRST STRAWS

Bring With Them a New Story of Spring

We shall wear Sailors—no doubt about that—and here is one that is different, with its padded rouleaux of taffetas round the top of the crown, and its meteor-like bow of vivid taffetas. It could not be smarter, but it is not difficult to wear

And on the left, at the foot of the page, is a Sailor of a different type—rather Mexican in character, with a moderately high crown. It is made in a coarse straw, and is tied on with long ribbons that border the veil, which is shaped to the face, and make a bow beneath the chin

Which does not in the least mean that brims do not still rise. They do, sometimes to dizzy heights. Immediately below is a fine black straw hat, the brim twisted high at the front, and the voluminous veil bordered with black chenille dots. These three models come from Harrods of Knightsbridge

Soaring Bows Against Flat Crowns

Modified Mexican—Version 1938

PEOPLE IN THE LIMELIGHT

Prince Ernst Starhemberg, former Vice-Chancellor of Austria, pictured with his actress bride, the former Nora Gregor, at St. Moritz where they have been honeymooning. The Prince has of late taken no part in federal politics

Prince and Princess Sigvard, son and daughter-in-law of the Swedish Crown Prince, going for a sleigh ride. It will be remembered that the Prince married his actress wife without receiving the royal sanction, and for a time the couple were known simply as Mr. and Mrs. Bernadotte

WINTERING PRINCES
at St. Moritz

NEW WOMAN GOVERNOR FOR THE B.B.C.: Miss Sarah Margery Fry who has been appointed to this post in succession to Mrs. Mary Hamilton whose term has expired. Miss Fry is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Fry, and was educated at Somerville, Oxford, of which college she was later Principal

TO WED: The Master of Kinnaird, twenty-five-year-old son of Lord and Lady Kinnaird, of Rossie Priory, Perthshire, with his fiancée Miss Nadia Fortington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fortington, of Lime Ridge, New York, and Jethou, Channel Islands. The bridegroom was formerly in the Black Watch

THE DIVORCE RUSH: Mr. Adrian Hassard-Short, Secretary of the Poor Persons Committee at the Law Courts, has plenty of work on his hands these days coping with the flow of divorce applications resulting from the introduction of the new "Marriage Act." The cost of undefended suits is now reduced from £70 to about £50

ARMY AND NAVY NEW YEAR WEDDINGS: *Left*—Mr. Edward Gosling, the Royal Dragoons, second son of Major and Lady Victoria Gosling, leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, with his bride, Miss Lucia Mary St. Maur. *Centre*—Sub-Lieutenant M. P. Roupell, R.N., and Miss Lolo Steen passing beneath an archway of swords following their marriage at Portsmouth Cathedral. *Right*—Mr. Hugh Radcliffe-Smith, of the Royal Engineers, and Miss Janet Carstairs, outside Chelsea Old Church

THE BOOK PUBLIC IS READING MORE—AND BUYING MORE

Says Vernon Fane

1937 was a Bumper Year in the World of Books, with the Phenomenal Sixpennies Leading the Way

AT this time of the year, when everybody is busy stocktaking and the measure of progress is in terms of boom and slump, it may be interesting to survey the field of contemporary literature from the same angle. Whatever happened to the City, and however many real or paper fortunes shrank to vanishing point in 1937, the book trade will report a bumper year. Output has increased beyond record figures; turnover has been immeasurably greater; the glittering prizes have been more satisfactory and substantial than ever.

The public is not only reading more but buying more books on an enormously increased scale. The first to anticipate, and perhaps to a large extent to create the increase were the purveyors of sixpenny books. It was a bold experiment. Paper covered books at a popular price had been tried and tried again and had always failed. When the first Penguin books appeared, bravely dressed in gay colours, the trade went very warily, and they usually could only be found on the bookstalls and in those shops whose main trade was magazines and newspapers. But their bright appearance and good clear type soon attracted a wide sale among people who were quickly to discover that they were not merely old, worn, and oft-tried titles, but the pick of the best books of recent times. To-day they may be bought wherever books are sold, and their courageous inventor counts his sales in millions.

He chose the right moment, for the increase in reading was an accomplished fact. Newspaper circulation schemes first demonstrated that there was an enormous potential market for books, which were distributed by the million at uneconomic prices to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned. About the same time, and cleverly anticipating the book borrowing habit among a section of the population who had hitherto been assumed to be indifferent to such things, a chain of twopenny libraries sprang up. Small towns and villages which hitherto had never even supported a bookshop, much less a lending library, suddenly found one of these in the main street. And they were well supported: in fact they boomed.

Largely we are supposed to be a nation of book borrowers, and to a large extent that is still true. Fully 70 per cent. of the sales of every new book go to the libraries. But it is also true that this enormous increase in the library system has created a new class of reader, and that every confirmed reader becomes a potential *buyer* of books. So personal a thing as a book one has read and enjoyed—even loved—is but reluctantly returned to the library from whence it came. It becomes something to be acquired and treasured for oneself, and other works by the same author are eagerly sought.

Hence at least one cause of the success of the sixpennies, and one which has brought prosperity not only to them but to the whole book trade.

Then there has been the growth of the book clubs. It must be about ten years since the Book Society first discovered that there was a large number of people who liked to have their books selected for them and to be the more or less happy recipients of at least one current masterpiece each month. Then came a new kind of organisation which offered current publications to members only at a much-reduced price. True, it had a political aim, boldly announced in its title of the Left Book Club, but its success was immediate. From the other political camp there soon appeared a Right Book Club and a National Book Association, each securing enough support to announce large memberships. The most recent boldly comes out with the no-bones-about-it title of The Book Club, offering its members for half-a-crown books that could hitherto only have been bought for 10s. 6d. and more.

But cheap books and bargain appeals are not the whole story; there has been an all-round increase in the sales of new books. The year's best-sellers have sailed into very large figures indeed, and this in spite of the fact that the average price has gone up and is still going up. The 7s. 6d. novel has given way to popular successes at 8s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; while books of memoirs, travel, and adventure are on an average half-a-crown dearer than they were a short while ago.

The class of book which has in the past few years seriously challenged the popularity of the novel has been of the personal and intimate kind. However many times the lives of the great or the notorious in history have been told, there was always room for a new treatment, a new kind of biography, which through the dramatisation of comparative detail sought to throw fresh light upon the character.

ERNEST HAMBLOCH in his book *British Consul* (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) tells of his experiences in posts in the Consular Service ranging from Balkan Europe to Brazil

This type of book, this trick of iconoclasm and apotheosis, have proved to be very much to the popular taste. A round dozen books on Napoleon alone were published last year, and on every aspect of his character, from that of his greatness as a letter-writer to his failure as a great lover.

But the stuff of reality, of truth that is stranger than fiction, was in the writers themselves. Autobiography has become almost as lucrative as the telling of an imaginary tale. Professional craftsmen of all sorts, from foreign correspondents to successful dramatists, from best-selling novelists to society ladies, have been moved to record their experiences from the cradle onwards. A review of the past year will reveal that volumes of this kind have been close runners-up to the big successes.

Nevertheless the novel still holds the field, and by a long margin. In the course of a year many thousands of novels are published, all, I suppose, with the hope that ultimate fortune will attend upon the writer. How many thousands fall by the wayside, or on the stony ground of remainder lists, can only be revealed by the balance sheets of the publishers.

The tyro has everything in his or her favour; so much to gain but so little to achieve for so much hard work; so many dreams. With what high hopes do they face the future, with a letter of acceptance from a publisher. How glorious a thing is that first copy in what the salerooms call "mint" condition, with its jacket of pleasant colours and the name writ large. Too often, alas, but a few hundred copies get into circulation; and those mainly through the libraries.

The remuneration of the fledgling is seldom more than ten per cent. of the published price, and in the case of a failure the sum total may not even be sufficient to pay typists' bills.

Yet hope springs eternal, and the prizes when they come are not only glittering but substantial. Once a novelist has won the popular favour he is indubitably on the road to affluence and a villa on the Riviera. No longer is he satisfied with ten per cent.; publishers fall over themselves to pay him as much as twenty-five per cent. If he is lucky enough to achieve a runaway success (and there have been at least two in the past year), and his sales run to as many as 150,000, and always assuming that his book was of the demanded length which secures a price of 8s. 6d. or 10s. 6d., he may find himself the richer by anything between ten to twenty thousand pounds.

That is indeed a satisfactory return for the work on one novel, but it is less than half the story. For the successful novelist, for the writer whose name is on every library list, all sorts of new roads to fortune become open. If he is English there is an enormous potential market in America, where, if the success were repeated, he may double or treble his earnings. If he is an American the vast English-speaking peoples forming the British Commonwealth of Nations may be ready to redouble his success.

On both sides of the Atlantic his presence is in demand at a remunerative figure, and particularly in America, where great numbers of people are willing to pay a collectively large sum to hear him "lecture," which means that they want to see him, and hear him talk.

Even larger numbers of people are willing to take his views on any subject under the sun in syndicated articles in newspapers and in terribly exclusive pieces in magazines with large circulations. He is a novelist, and possibly a very good novelist, but if he cares to write a series of short stories (which may not at all be his *métier*) he can command astronomical figures from magazine editors.

The road to Hollywood is wide, broad, and alluringly garnished with the most tempting offers. The film rights alone of his best-selling novel may easily have netted him anything from £5,000 to £50,000. But that is not all. The Moguls of the cinema industry will compete among themselves for his services at figures which exist only in that world of fantastic reality.

If he is wise he will resist the inevitable disillusion of the Hollywood candle-flame, and realise that his success was born of a good novel. In any case his next book, whatever it is, is destined for a comparative success. Without a word written he can command a sum down from his English and American publishers which will secure a circulation of at least one-third of his original success.

Everybody is on safe ground, for the million who read his other well-beloved book will be eager for the next. He has fame and fortune; how much of it he can retain rests with the daemon of his own genius; and should he ever forget that it was with a novel that he laid the foundations, he may find himself heading for that kind of eclipse from which there are few survivors.

Yet the story is not only one of fortune and failure, for there is that industrious class of professional writer who is able to make a reasonable competence without being unduly worried by one or the other. The works of these authors will form the bulk of the new reviewing material for the coming year, and it is they who will extract most comfort and real advantage from the fact that, whatever else happens, fresh records are due to be made in the world of books.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—PAUL CEZANNE. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. ANSCOMBE.—NUREMBERG THE UNHOLY CITY. By Joshua Podro. 6s. BATSFORD.—THE ENGLISH GARDEN. By Ralph Dutton. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, LTD.—THE BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING, 1938. 1s. CHAPMAN & HALL.—COLLIE KNOX CALLING. By Collie Knox. 3s. 6d. COLLINS.—THE STROKE OF EIGHT. By J. L. Hardy. 7s. 6d. DENT.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. By William Blake. With a note by Philip Hofer. 21s. THE BENDING SICKLE. By Gerald Bullett. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—ON BORROWED TIME. By L. E. Watkin. 7s. 6d. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON.—ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, 1936. $1.50. HAMISH HAMILTON.—I SPEAK FOR THE CHINESE. By Carl Crow. 3s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE LONGON MISCELLANY: A Nineteenth Century Scrapbook. Compiled by Robert Harling. 8s. 6d. ALAN PARSONS' BOOK: A Story in Anthology. Edited by his Wife. 10s. 6d. Two TIME PLAYS. (*Time and the Conways* and *I Have Been Here Before*), By J. B. Priestley. 8s. 6d. PORTRAIT OF A VILLAGE. By Francis Brett Young. Woodcuts by John Hassall. 8s. 6d. NO INNOCENT ABROAD. By C. P. Rodocanachi. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—STOP AND GO. By V. C. Buckley. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. INCONSTANT CONQUEROR AND OTHER POEMS. By W. A. Younger. 5s. UNCHARTED SEAS. By Dennis Wheatley. 8s. 6d. AGRICULTURAL: A Long-Term Policy. By John Baugh. 2s. 6d. EUROPE AT THE CROSS-ROADS. By Hugh Sellon. 10s. 6d. KING & HUTCHINGS.—WINTER SPORTS ANNUAL, 1937. Edited by J. B. Wroughton. 1s. MACMILLAN.—GUSTAV STRESEMANN: His Diaries, Letters, and Papers. Edited and translated by Eric Sutton. Vol. II. Illustrated. 25s. METHUEN.—THE STANDARDISED CODE OF CONTRACT BRIDGE BIDDING. By F. Dudley Courtenay and Edited by G. G. J. Walshe. 5s. NELSON.—DEATH CROSSES THE LINE. By Ernest F. Charles. 7s. 6d. PUTNAM.—EXPLORING WITH BYRD: Episodes from an Adventurous Life. Compiled and revised by Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS. By Cyril W. Beaumont. Illustrated. 25s. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.—FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. 3s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE CODE PLAN. By Graham Seton. 7s. 6d. SHEED & WARD.—SOVIET TEMPO: A Journal of Travel in Russia. By Violet Conolly. 7s. 6d.

THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE FOR SALE: The little thatched house at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, which has just come into the market and which admirers of the great Wessex novelist and poet are endeavouring to secure as a memorial to him

The Spirit of the Spey

GILBEY'S

A Romanesque Gem

These French Romane que windows have been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum with the help of a very generous contribution from the National Art Collections Fund. They were recently discovered during the demolition of an old house close to the Cathedral of Trie-Château near Gisors, about 30 kms. from Beauvais. The find was reported in the local papers at the time and the windows came into the possession of a well-known Paris dealer from whom the museum bought them. The windows consist of a series of three arched openings supported on attached columns with capitals of a late Romanesque character. In each arch there is a tympanum with two small pointed arches with carvings of a number of fantastic beasts, sirens, and a centaur fighting a basilisk. It is probable that the motive of the double arch with carvings within the large arch of the tympanum is peculiar to the district of the Oise, since the only other existing example is still *in situ* in the neighbourhood. Romanesque secular architecture of any date is extremely rare, and these windows, which have been set up in the east hall of the museum close to the main entrance, are a magnificent addition to the collections.

Air Raids and Civilians

The Problem of Protection now Being Tackled in Earnest

THE Air Raid Precautions Act is now law. Its two central features are that it settles the proportions in which the cost of protecting the civil population from air raids shall be divided between the Central Government and local authorities, and that it imposes on local authorities the duty of preparing schemes, which will come into force when approved, with or without modifications, by the Home Secretary. County councils and county borough councils must prepare general schemes, and borough councils and urban district councils must prepare fire schemes; while in special cases the latter types of authority may be permitted to prepare general cases.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the layman was led to approach the problem of protecting the civilian population in an attitude of despair. Our cities were going to be obliterated by high explosives; the few fortunate survivors who had lurked in a protected tube station would be trapped by phosgene; and for those who had the still better fortune to be in a place which was too unimportant to attract bombs, the disorganisation of society would be such that their lives, in the phrase of the seventeenth-century philosopher Hobbes, would be "nasty, brutish, solitary, and short."

There was, we were told, no such thing as an effective defence in the air: the bomber would always get through, and all we could do was to sit and wait for it. Mr. Baldwin (Oliver, not Stanley) said that the world was too bad a place for his conscience to allow him to bring children into it; it was too late for his father to say that, but in a famous House of Commons speech purporting to be addressed to the youth of the nation he was scarcely less pessimistic.

At the present day we cannot, unfortunately, go so far as to say that "*nous avons changé tout cela*." The bomber has, it cannot be denied, vastly increased its speed relatively to the fighter, and the latter is handicapped by the extremely short period of effective fire which flight at a high speed permits; the powers of anti-aircraft guns are somewhat hypothetical, though there is officially stated to be a new type of British gun of high efficiency. Nobody who heard or read Sir Samuel Hoare's recent speech, in which he described men equipped with anti-gas apparatus as resembling "monsters out of the Dark Ages," and spoke of the decentralisation which was necessary in order to prevent a successful attack in one place from paralysing the life of a large area, as a process antagonistic to the tendencies which made for efficiency in modern life, would find cause to suppose that air raids were anything less than an almost inconceivable horror.

But the imminence of danger makes the wise man take stock of it, and the public is growing to realise, what most experts never doubted, that the effectiveness of the air raid can easily be over-rated. The aeroplane has five means of attacking the enemy, military or civilian: it can drop high-explosive bombs, incendiary bombs, or gas bombs; it can spray poison gases (so called) in a liquid form; and it can fire its guns. It is not possible wholly to eliminate danger from attack by any of these means; it is possible to combat it and reduce it.

The danger of a direct hit by a high-explosive bomb is extremely difficult and, above all, expensive to eliminate. It has been estimated that the cost of giving adequate protection to the inhabitants of Great Britain would be about £1,500,000,000. The number of bombs of this type which can be carried by even the heaviest bombers is, however, limited, and protection from splinters is comparatively easy to provide. Dispersion of the population, too, minimises the risk by spreading the target: in an air raid, the good citizen, unless he is allotted a specific task elsewhere, will stay at home. In short, while the entire population of a city cannot be massacred in a few air raids, grievous casualties can undoubtedly be inflicted.

The incendiary bomb, which can be carried in great numbers, is thought by some, including the present Home Secretary, to be the most dangerous. Such experience as the Spanish civil war has provided scarcely confirms that view. The peculiar terror of the incendiary bomb is that as it contains sufficient oxygen in itself the fire which it causes cannot be extinguished by water until the actual contents of the bomb are exhausted. But experiment has shown that three people who have had a little training are sufficient to deal with one incendiary bomb.

A LARK TO THEM: These boys had a thrill the other day when they tried on gas masks at the Erith, Kent, Anti-gas Warfare and Air Raids Exhibition

Modern anti-aircraft guns and machine-guns should be able to prevent raiders from firing on to the ground. There remains the question of gas.

Much nonsense, as Professor J. B. S. Haldane pointed out in an article at the beginning of last month, has been talked about gas. We all move daily amongst poisonous gases and fumes, such as petrol fumes, without being visibly much the worse: a poisonous gas or fume has to be highly concentrated to be dangerous, and most gases and fumes evaporate in the atmosphere quite quickly; one of the most noxious of war gases, namely mustard gas, does not, but even in this case a brilliant sun, heavy rain, or a thick fog has very adverse effects on its efficacy.

A recent experiment conducted under the auspices of the Air Raid Precautions Department has shown that when a gas bomb drops near a house, and the wind blows the gas towards it, the simple precaution of shutting the doors and windows affords quite a high degree of protection; sufficient, at any rate, to allow time for the occupants to take more elaborate precautions at leisure and without risk.

The modern respirator affords practically complete protection against all known gases except what are known from their effects as the "blister gases," namely mustard gas and Lewisite; and quite effective protection against the latter can be obtained by supplementing a respirator with an oilskin suit and rubber boots. One of the most tragic deficiencies in anti-gas equipment is the absence of a mask suitable for children under three.

Provided that certain elementary preparations are made beforehand, a room can be rendered gas-proof in quite a short time, so that not even children under three are doomed to the tortures of gas if those in charge of them know what to do.

The Government has been criticised in some quarters because it has always spoken of air-raid precautions as being precautions against one type of danger at a time; it is said that the real danger to the civil population is the combination of gas with the incendiary bomb; that the Government is misrepresenting the issue and so lulling the country into a false sense of security. According to Professor Haldane, whom it would be a surprise to find supporting the Government on political grounds, this criticism is ill-founded; a mixed raid, he says, would not be a success, because the fire from the incendiary bombs would draw the gas from the gas bombs into the air. It is clear that the public shelters could and should be provided for the use of those who "as the result of previous explosions or fires" have no rooms which they can render gas-proof.

The problem, then, would seem to be to educate people to understand the measures to be taken, and to organise services, such as decontamination squads and expanded fire brigades, which will operate at short notice; it is a situation, not for despondency, but for courage and activity. Every citizen must know what has to be done in an emergency, and be taught how to do it.

(*Continued on page* 116)

This England . . .

Burnsall in Wharfedale

ONE famous as an Elder Statesman, and a good countryman withal, spoke thus: "To me England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me . . . through the ear, through the eye and through certain imperishable scents". And he described them—the whistle of the stone-swept scythe, the breasting plough, the smell of autumn wood smoke. But for the Englishman at home what a multitude more of fine savours—old turf to walk on, beef, and great English beer. And to take but the beer (if it be Worthington), what a delight to eye and nostril before ever its mellow strength becomes our own.

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ON DIPLOMATIC SERVICE: A new Hooper enclosed limousine de ville on a 40–50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis Phantom III, recently supplied to His Excellency Señor S. I. Patina, Bolivian Minister in Paris. The exterior is finally finished in dark blue and black

ARE THE ROADS TO BLAME?

The Question of the Human Factor Versus Antiquated Highways as the Principal Causes of Accidents

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ARE the roads to blame for the casualties which take place on them? is a question which is being discussed by the Government, by road and traffic authorities, by motoring organisations, and also by the private motorist. Those who believe that road casualties are due principally to the human factor become quite heated with those who are certain that all our troubles are attributable to antiquated highways. Discussions become lengthy and complicated and I have seen friends become really angry with each other because they were not in agreement as to where the responsibility lay. It is felt in some quarters that the Ministry of Transport desire to attach the blame to the driver but they have not yet published their official views.

As everyone who has had an opportunity has ventilated his or her views on the subject I think I must expound mine. If a corner is of such an angle, has such a surface, is banked the right or the wrong way and with the weather wet, fine mild or frosty, I can negotiate it safely at x miles an hour; then I ought to have enough common sense to realise that if I try to get round it at x plus 1 miles an hour I am asking for trouble. In other words every driver should control his car so that his driving is safe to himself and to others no matter what the road conditions may be. I doubt whether anyone will cross swords with me that theoretically that is how every driver should behave and if he did the number of accidents would be materially reduced. Unfortunately, we are not all perfect drivers.

There are some people who imagine that because an individual cannot now obtain a permanent driving licence without passing a test that every licensed driver is more or less expert. In my opinion the driving test has not altered the standard of driving one bit and never will. I am forced to the conclusion, therefore, that there is a human factor which cannot be eliminated very easily, if at all. The perfect driver must not only be considerate to all other road users but must also have a rudimentary knowledge as to how his car works, what makes it travel along the road and what makes it get out of control.

It is too much to ask of human nature that 100 per cent. of the millions of licence holders can ever become good drivers as defined above. The Government have in the past tried to make them good drivers by prosecuting them and frightening them. The results of such a policy have been completely negative. They have also tried to make them good drivers by reducing the speed permissible. No doubt we could get rid of the majority of road accidents if the permitted speed were reduced to 1 or 2 m.p.h. But, as we live in a world alongside other countries where speed is unrestricted and with whom we are in competition, we cannot afford to apply grandmotherly legislation of this type to any greater degree than is imposed at the moment.

Surely, therefore, the only thing to do is to make the roads safer for the average driver, even assuming that the average is fairly poor. I have heard it argued that if accidents take place at a bend, and that bend is eased and super-elevated, the driver will still have an accident because he will travel faster. Again, carrying on the same argument, it can be said that if a telegraph pole on the side of the road has caused two or three deaths, it is no advantage to remove it, because the erring driver and the car not being checked by the pole will turn a somersault and land head first in a neighbouring field. I cannot agree with such arguments and I have a certain amount of experience to support me.

At Brooklands we do not open our mountain or road courses to the general public to practise on, but we do allow any driver who pays the necessary small fee to go round the outer circuit as fast as he likes. Only once did I try the experiment of allowing the public to use the mountain course, which has two bends, and within one afternoon I had two hospital cases.

On the outer circuit, I do not wish to boast, but I can state that during the eight years I have been down at the track there has been no accident to a member of the general public whilst using the outer circuit. The reason is that the course in question is 100 ft. wide all the way round and every curve is scientifically banked, so it is exceedingly difficult for even a novice to get into difficulties, and yet the speeds on this circuit are infinitely greater than on the mountain circuit. I say, therefore, that if all roads were sufficiently wide, all curves scientifically super-elevated and there were no obstructions, not even roadside kerbs, the accident figures would be materially reduced. Our freedom from accidents at Brooklands is, of course, due in some measure to the fact that we control all traffic using the track and do not allow pedestrians to wander about as they please. This latter point, of course, has no bearing whatever on the comparison between one circuit and another.

Not so long ago I wrote in these notes some remarks concerning the backwardness of windscreen wiper manufacturers as instanced by the non-appearance on the market of a wiper that would clear the inside of the windscreen as well as the outside surface. Up to the time of writing the remarks in question I had only seen an inside wiper on the car of a friend who had had it made specially.

The other day, however, whilst looking at some really beautiful Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars in the showrooms of Jack Barclay, Limited, I came across a 25–30 h.p. Rolls-Royce which had such an inside wiper and I must say this was very neatly fitted. When not in use it was completely out of view, disappearing into a rectangular box on the upper part of the facia board. The other day when I was giving details of the body which I want fitted to my new 25–30 h.p. Rolls-Royce, Messrs. Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders) Limited, who will be responsible for the coachwork, told me that they could fit such a windscreen wiper.

FRANCE'S HISTORIED PRESS *(Continued from page 86)*

Pierre thought his caller was his arch-enemy Rochefort. Riots, bloodshed, rumblings.

Yet this same liberty-loving *Presse Parisienne* was grievously responsible for goading France into the fatal war of 1870. All through July it featured Zouaves eating Prussians, who were sources of profoundly disdainful mirth.

As Cocteau with his *Mot*, in a later war, de Villemessant was the one sane voice, pointing out at that early day that modern war was becoming "*l'ivresse de la charcuterie.*"

After the defeat, Governments were severe, notably MacMahon until he had to demote himself, as Gambetta had worded it. It was at this stage that the three great provincials made their bow: Bordeaux's *Gironde*, Toulouse's *Dépêche*, and Lyon's *Progrès*. But senior of all is Rouen's *Journal* which has weathered three kingdoms, three empires, three revolutions, and four wars. Each still goes strong, untouched by scandals such as Panama, Russian Bonds, Stavisky.

1880 became known as "*l'année pornographique*" and led to a new statute for the Press that endures and which M. Blum would now rebuild. *Gil Blas* had appeared in 1879, the most daring yet, but just swallowable because of its wit. But swarms of muck followed, as always in the wake of pioneer success, and action became indicated. The bourgeois Republic later passed to regular Watch Committee stuff, Flaubert and Zola each having to submit to trial.

Clemenceau, with his *Justice*, Rochefort, with his *Intransigeant*, were lions. And there followed the brief Boulangist flare-up, guided by an authoritarian apparition, *La Cocarde*. As for the 'nineties, they were taken up with one tissue of scandal, in which *la Presse Parisienne* made hay and was much blackened. Panama put the "Tiger" into the wings for many a year. Yet honour was in measure redeemed by the newspapers' bearing over Dreyfus, culminating in Zola's immortal "J'accuse!" in *L'Aurore*. The "Affaire" led to perhaps the weirdest of all newspaper titles: *Psst!*

Since the war—what to say? That the Paris Press remains the most literary in Europe? That it has produced some of the greatest globe-trotting reporters? That personality as of old still flares up, as in a de la Fouchardière, whose story of Juliana's nightie, as left in a provincial hotel, was in the highest tradition of the glorious de Villemessant past? That wholly indigenous characters are still to be found, as a Léon Daudet (played out), a Coty, a Bailby? Coty is dead, but his effort to pass from perfume to a daily, sold at half the normal price, made history; he ranged the entire Press against himself but carried on.

Havas to-day controls advertising. Hachette has a monopoly of distribution. How long this cardinal situation shall continue is up to Léon Blum. Recently the Government cunningly laid hands on the *Agence Radio*. Its nationalisation scheme is rendered easier by the recent nationalisation of the arms industry. When privately controlled, this bought up papers as and when it chose—the *Temps* and *Débats* in recent times. There is less call now for a Schneider or a De Wendel to buy a newspaper and with it the pens of the rank and file of French journalists who, as a body, are as straight and little-reaping as over your way.

PARIS GUARDS HER SILHOUETTE *(Continued from page 103)*

and competent young architect, on the grounds that all modern architecture which tends to be functional and contemporaneous in feeling is out of place and foreign to the spirit of their city or council.

As for the Town and Planning Acts, they are all too vague with regard to their actual stipulations. Clauses state that buildings of historic character (not necessarily aesthetic) are to be preserved, and that modern elevations should not prejudice the character of old buildings. Even so, there exist no State-appointed administrations to deal with these separate points. The Fine Arts Commission merely advises, and the London County Council does no more than exercise an amateur interference, mainly under its inadequate town-planning powers, with regard to the erection of new buildings. Otherwise, there is no better administrator than that of public opinion that saved Carlton Terrace, but lost us Regent Street, Park Lane, Berkeley Square, and permitted the demolition of the Adelphi, and, as a well-known British architec declared, will go to lose, by piecemeal substitution, the lovely fabric of the West End.

In point of fact, wherever in London a square or block of houses has apparentl preserved its former character and style of architecture, it will be found that thi has been entirely due to the individual effort of the influential landowner to preserv a monumental site or perspective.

It must be admitted that a genuine effort is made to preserve historic sites. But this is mostly with reference to country places, imposing landscapes, beauty spots, tracts of moorland, and downland. Even so it usually befalls the National Trust, and not the State, to see that this is carried out.

It would seem, then, that the British, as a nation, are incapable of distinguishing good architecture from bad architecture. I do not mean, of course, that the race has not produced some of the world's leading artists and architects . . . . on the contrary. What I imply is that the general public has no taste. Herbert Read, in a recent article published in *Minotaure*, in Paris, declared that our condition (with regard to aesthetics) was neutral, that we had an immense indifference to questions of art. The statement shocks, yet it is not far from the truth. So long as the public are content to allow the erection of meaningless-modern and teashop-Tudor architecture, and the State continues neither to voice any objection nor form any official council to supervise strictly the construction of this "new" architecture and prevent the drastic demolition of historic sites, London, in a very short space of time, will lose its true traditional character.

A BIGGER AND BETTER BILLINGSGATE: A scene in the London fish market which, after a decade of controversy, is at last to be enlarged according to a recent announcement, at a cost of some £600,000. The market space itself will be doubled, the daily traffic jam of carts will sort itself out, and, as improved wharves are gradually built, the fishing vessels will steam up the Thames, as for centuries they sailed on the tides. London's oldest market, and first port, will then be up to date again

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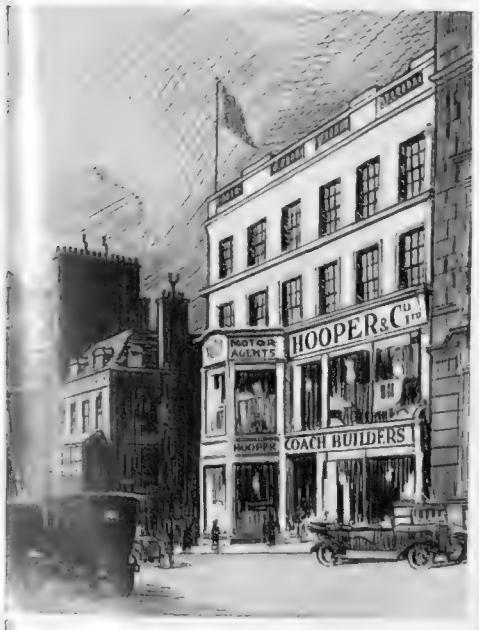

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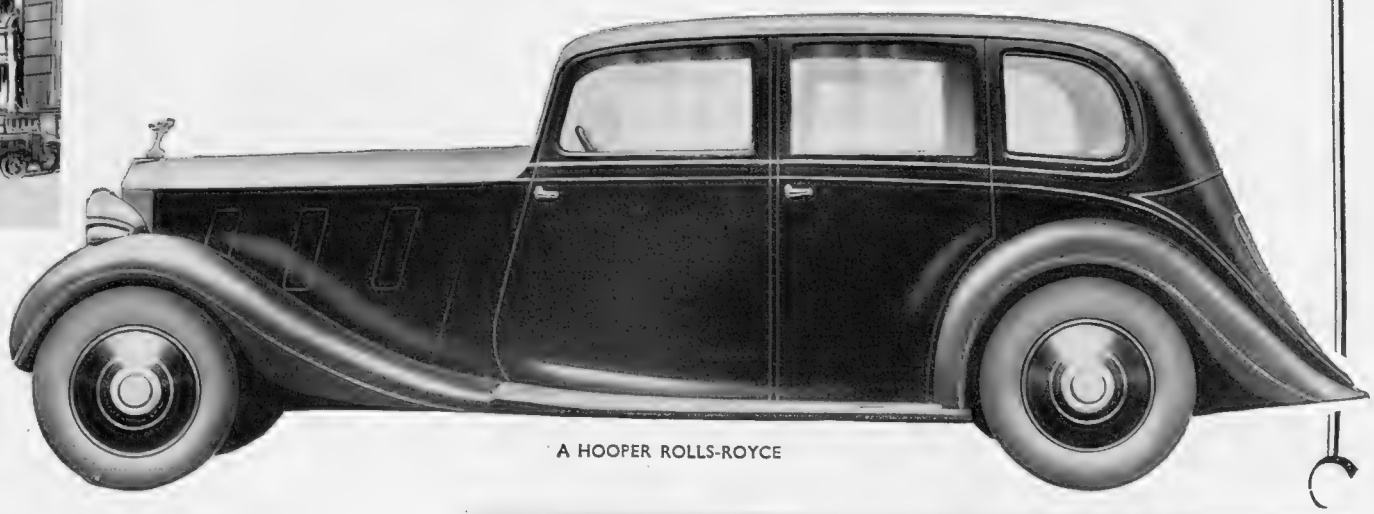

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Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa.

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Furka	30	11.50	Berghotel Prätschli	80	15.—
Belvedere Tanneck	40	12.50	Altein Grand Hotel	150	15.50
Merkur	40	12.50	Arosa-Kulm	170	16.—
Suvretta	40	12.50	Excelsior	100	16.—
Alpensonne	40	13.50	Grand Hotel Tschuggen	180	16.—
Bellevue	110	13.50	Hof Maran	110	16.—
Post-und Sporthotel	70	13.50	Neues Waldhotel	125	16.—
Des Alpes	60	14.50			

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By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co. via Azores, 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

WHAT DOES ONE DO THERE?

Life moves at an even pace in Nassau, but one can be gay or quiet at will. There are glittering night clubs and quiet spacious hotels. Fashionable bathing beaches and sleepy palm-fringed coves. There are opportunities for every type of sport and amusement.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

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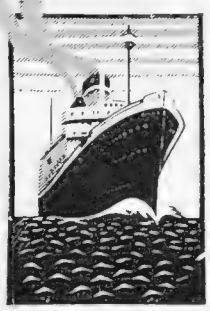

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

THE CITY THE TRAVELLER PASSES BY: A panoramic view of Marseilles, the great historic interest of which is perhaps not sufficiently realised by many who visit the South of France. Reference is made to it in the accompanying notes

Making Britain Known: Australia's 150th Anniversary Year: The Tunnel du Rove: Where and When to Stay in Estoril

ROAD TOURS.—From time to time the voice of a critic is heard in lamentation concerning the failure of Britain to make her attractions as a happy hunting ground for tourists better known throughout the world. Perhaps not enough is done officially, but the criticism is a bit ungracious towards those who in their own interests, admittedly, are trying to sell travel in this country to those who live abroad. There is before us an extremely creditable little book for overseas circulation which is a very comprehensive survey of all that a visitor may see travelling over the roads of these islands. Incidentally, though the point is not stressed in it, those very roads must be a revelation to many people from abroad for the comfort in travel which they afford even in the unlettered class ranking below the "B" roads.

There are more than thirty itineraries set out in some detail with photographs and maps—no colour, perhaps, apart from the cover, and not so showy as some of the folders which flow in from the Continent, but setting out in a straightforward way what is open to the visitor to this country and what it will cost each member of his party. May it bring its sponsors the reward they deserve and let us not forget what they do to make Great Britain and Ireland better known.

Australia.—Quite a number of people have taken advantage of the special facilities offered by the shipping companies for seeing Australia in its 150th anniversary year. Although some eighteen years earlier Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, it is the event of January 26, 1788, when Captain Arthur Phillip arrived with eleven ships and 1,000 people and established the first white settlement on the site of Sydney which is now being celebrated. The festival goes on through February, March, and April with exhibitions, shows, pageants, carnivals, turf meetings, and Empire Games.

Apart from the events of the "season" which are offered Australia has many natural wonders to show her visitors and one result of this anniversary may be an increasing tourist traffic in years to come. The distances are great but the cost is not so heavy as many suppose; indeed, mile for mile, an Australian round trip is the cheapest cruise in the world.

A very attractive scheme is to disembark at Adelaide and rejoin the same ship for the homeward journey at Sydney.

Marseilles.—It is curious how many people who know the French Riviera quite well have never given Marseilles a second thought. They may have gone into the station head on, had a walk along the platform, and on rejoining the train found themselves unexpectedly with their backs to the engine. And once on the Riviera how many include this second city of France in their excursions? They would not knowingly miss the walk down the Cannebière and through the Vieux Port.

There is one point of interest which is not often referred to, the Tunnel du Rove. This is a canal 4½ miles long connecting the port of Marseilles with Martigues, Caronte, and Port de Bouc. During its construction more than twice the amount of material was excavated than was removed in boring the Simplon tunnel. If it were not a water-way but a railway it would take six trains abreast. As a piece of engineering the longest underground canal in the world is worth seeing. There is a footpath on each side.

Winter Sports.—The Christmas and New Year rush to Switzerland has passed and those going now are in no danger of being caught in a crush. There is plenty of accommodation at most of the resorts and if you are looking for an attractive little place not so well known as some of them try Flims. It has some of the best ski-ing fields in the Canton of Grisons. There are runs to suit all ages and capacities.

At Flims the season closes about the end of next month, but in some centres it goes on well into April. Wengenalp is one of these and at Scheidegg, accessible from Wengen by funicular, it is possible to get "winter" sports in May. There has been some pretty cold weather in Switzerland already this season which inspires the weather prophets with notions of a long season.

Rather curiously the winter sports season reaches its peak rather later in Scandinavia, Easter generally being the big snow and ice holiday of the people of those countries.

Traditional Inspiration.—"A masterpiece is always directed towards the future, but it must carry within it the traditional inspiration of a race." These words are quoted from a note on the mighty *Normandie* in the 1938 diary book issued by the French Line. They have a curiously appropriate application to the diary itself. It will attract attention on any office desk or library table, its sail cloth covers being stamped with a silhouette of the great sweep of the ship's bows. Open it and you will be fascinated by the ingenious marking of the monthly sections by extra wide pages with coloured flags spelling the name of the month and the figures of the year, on one side in French and on the other in English. These large pages on finest quality paper also carry some admirably reproduced photographs of scenes in some of the countries served by the line.

The book also contains silhouettes of some of the famous ships of the Cie. Gle. Transatlantique and a brief history of the company illustrated with sketches, among them a particularly vivid one of the *Washington*, the first great transatlantic paddle steamer which crossed from Havre to New York in thirteen days in 1864 and gave the company the impetus which has carried it to its present proud position.

WHERE THE CAMERA SHOULD BE USED WITH DISCRETION: Picturesquely clad women of the Staphorst district of Holland, where a short while ago an intruding tourist was attacked for taking snapshots of the people without their permission. The women wear unusual close-fitting black caps adorned with two ear ornaments

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

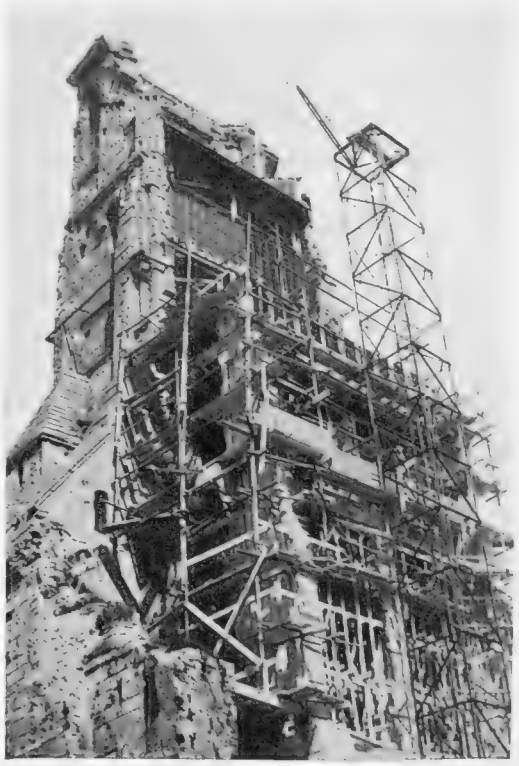
The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Estoril.—This attractive resort, not far from Lisbon, has a fashionable winter season when the weather is very good. Late autumn and spring are also delightful, but many people would find it too hot during the summer. It has a good golf course, tennis and casino and a splendid beach. The surrounding country is also very attractive with scope for interesting excursions. The Palacio is the most expensive hotel (22s. 6d. per day) and the Parque Hotel, which charges 15s. per day, can be recommended. Quite modern and very good is the Grande Hotel at 10s. 6d. per day.

Teneriffe.—A favourite resort of English people is Puerto Orotava on the north-west side where there is quite a colony of them. The leading hotels are the Grand Taora and the Martianez which is smaller. They charge about 15s. a day for a prolonged stay. At the Pension Thompson, which is quite good, the charge is about 6s. a day. The climate is delightful.

Menton.—This is a favourite Riviera resort with some. It offers plenty of accommodation at very reasonable rates, among the recommended hotels and pensions being Berkeley-Miramar 30–40 francs, Flandria 28–33 francs, Globe 30–40 francs, Londres 28–35 francs, and Nouvel Hotel 28–40 francs. All these have running water in all rooms and central heating. Menton is an excellent centre from which to take excursions.

Pacific Sailings.—The most interesting route for you would be by the steamers of the Java Pacific Line leaving San Francisco on the first of each month and taking six weeks to reach Singapore. The principal ports of call are Manila, Hilo, Cebu, Macassar, Sourabaya, Samarang, and Batavia. The steamers of the line are about 7,000 tons and the passage costs about £40.



RESTORED AT LAST: The famous tower of Charlemagne at Tours, work on which has been in progress for more than two years, and is now reported to be very nearly completed

"Every winter . . .
the Riposo because we like Bexhill—restful, entertaining and bracing; and we like the Riposo—in the key position—Golf course at the door—central heating and telephone and running water in our bedroom."

HOTEL RIPOSO
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Inclusive terms—3½ to 5 gns.
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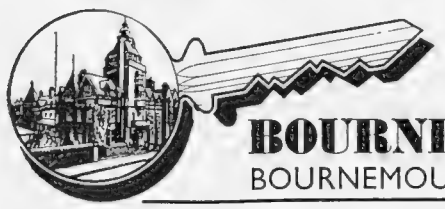

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CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

An hotel of quality and charm for a winter of content. A bedroom or suite with a peaceful view and every luxury (and a private bathroom if you wish). The quiet dignity of the lounges, the cuisine and the cellar . . . all bespeak quality.
Parkstone Golf Course is adjacent: five others close by. The entertainments of Bournemouth comfortably within reach, but out of hearing. Canford Cliffs is the resort for winter—an hotel of quality for people of quality. Lift. Garage for 40 cars.
Write to S. Whiston, Manager.
Tel.: Bournemouth 797/8
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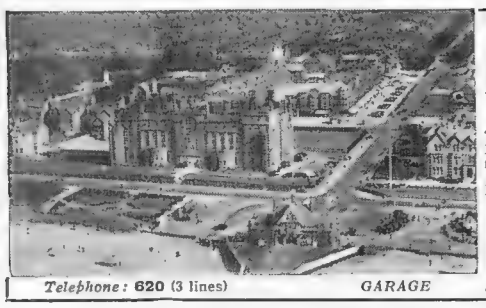
Luxury in miniature
in a lovely country house hotel with sheltered wall garden (3 acres) in the centre of Brighton. The menus—lavish, varied and English. The beds—somniferous . . . the winter terms—inclusive from **4** to **5** gns.

Sixty Six Hotel
MONTPELIER ROAD, BRIGHTON. *Tel.: Hove 1637*

. . . and still the Red House
the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD
Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, will be glad to send you full particulars. Private Suites available. One minute from the station. Telephone: 164



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Within easy reach of Four Golf Courses.
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And this year . . . Grove Hall
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GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

ON LONDON'S GREEN BELT
After a day's shopping or business you will come back to a peace ul atmosphere at this centrally heated, fully licensed hotel. Comfort in every detail in the bedrooms and lounges, good food and personal attention. Bridge, Billiards, and Ballroom. 400 feet up looking South on to the Downs. Inclusive terms from 4 gns.
SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL
THE DOWNS, WIMBLEDON. *Tel.: WIMbledon 0811-2*

Week-end at
FERRING GRANGE HOTEL Nr. WORTHING
A fully licensed country house Hotel twixt Downs and sea. Special week-end terms Friday dinner to Monday breakfast 35/-, or Saturday dinner to Monday, 25/-. Bring golf clubs, Squash racquet and Riding kit. Telephone: Goring by Sea 21.

In Quest of

Readers Discourse on the That Sometimes Contain

AMONG the many thousands of letters I get every year from the public are naturally a few complaints. But they are very few and I do not worry about them unduly; for, like every human being, I trip at intervals, so do hoteliers, even the best, and so—dare I say it?—do their guests. But, apart from definite complaints, I do get a very large number of friendly suggestions for furthering the hoteliers' art and I should like to discuss some of the more frequent.

To begin with a few on how many very good hotels might be yet further improved. The first comes from Mr. Chris Smith, the proprietor of Knoll House at Studland and Mr. Smith acts on his own advice. He believes that inclusive terms should be as far as possible inclusive of *everything* the guest is likely to want; so his own terms include early morning tea and a morning paper with it. You may think that such a detail is of little importance, but my experience goes to show that half the art of the great hotelier is due to constant attention to tiny details. So I heartily commend Mr. Smith's idea to others.

Greatly to the credit of English hotels the problem of extras, which loomed so large a few years ago, has now been almost entirely eliminated. But a letter which I received recently suggests a small reform which might be worthy of consideration. My correspondent writes, "Continental breakfast abroad means a simple meal served in rooms free of charge. In England one pays 6d. or 1s. and that is not Continental." In this case I think that my correspondent is exaggerating slightly; for I know personally a number of quite good hotels in France which charge extra for petit déjeuner. Still I agree that if hotels could see their way to making early morning tea or Continental breakfast inclusive in their room charges, they would be making a small improvement.

Another request I am constantly getting—perhaps the most frequent of all, this—is for information on hotels with heating in the bedrooms. Luckily these are now so numerous as to be the rule rather than the exception. And hotels which have not bothered to take proper steps about this will soon find that they are losing business. What form the heating takes is a matter of personal choice. Many people demand central heating, but a modern gas or electric fire is very efficient and much easier to regulate; only remember that if this method is used the corridors and bathrooms need heating as well as the bedrooms.

Many holiday makers, I notice, find their pleasure is greatly increased by a beautiful garden. And in this respect English hotels reign supreme. I cannot begin to make a list of all the good hotel gardens that I know up and down the country, but the Montagu Arms at Beaulieu, the Crest at Crowborough, the Keswick Hotel at Keswick, the Felix at Felixstowe, and the Trout at

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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WICKHAM COURT HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
Half an hour from City and West End.
WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.
Illustrated brochure on request.

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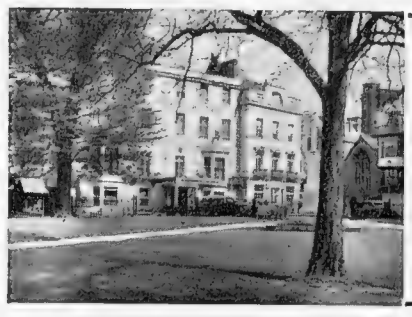
Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close
Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.
Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Hotelier's Art : Letters Much That is Helpful

Godstow are all well known in their districts and examples of how hotel gardens may be kept. Of course with the big country house hotels such as Oatlands Park at Weybridge or Bushey Hall near Watford the garden ceases to be a garden and becomes "the grounds" or "the Park" and some of these "parks" are among the show places of England.

And here is another suggestion, and this time it is my own and not from a correspondent. I wonder how many hotels have libraries for the use of guests. Off-hand I can think of only three, the Newlands Corner Hotel, which used to be the home of the Strachey family and was sold complete with library, the Montagu Arms at Beaulieu and the Granby at Harrogate, where Mrs. Crossman is collecting a vast number of Penguins and similar editions for the entertainment of her guests. Doubtless there are many others which I do not know and I shall be glad to hear of them. But what an addition to the most comfortable hotel books can make!

Of course, I shall be told that a good library in a hotel is almost impossible because the books will always disappear! I fear that there is some truth in this suggestion but it is surprising how effective an occasional reminder can be.

At the Ram Jam Inn at Stretton, for instance, Major Fleetwood-Hesketh has a mantelpiece full of rather valuable pewter. There were twelve pieces in all. One day some time ago one disappeared. So Major Fleetwood-Hesketh immediately put up a little notice informing his guests that there had been twelve, that there were now eleven and expressing the hope that there would continue to be eleven, and there have been ever since. Of course there will always be a few bad guests, but most of these faults can be eradicated with a little trust and encouragement!

Finally after talking about improvements and possible improvements to the hotels, let me address a word to the guests. The hotelier is giving the best service he can, but he can only do as well as he is allowed to. The guest who enters a hotel with an attitude of suspicion and mistrust is spoiling his own holiday far more effectively than the hotelier can possibly do it.

Running an hotel is a job which can only be done well by confidence between the management and the guests and, of course, consideration must be shown on both sides. English hotels have improved in the last ten years, so that they are now second to none and my mail bag is sufficient evidence that they are gradually being appreciated as they deserve.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice for winter . . . a soft equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— *An hour and a half by plane from Heston* —

SCOTLAND

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Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

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Central heating radiators, electric fires and H. & C. water in all bedrooms

ONE MINUTE from MARINE SPA, PIER, and MAIN SHOPS

3 acres Grounds

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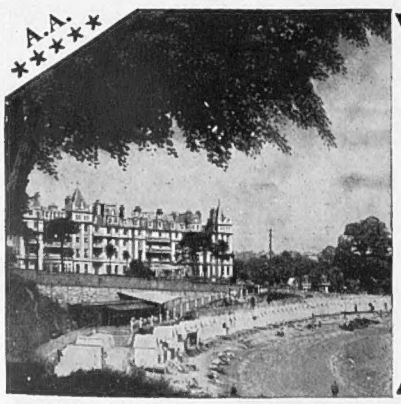
PARK HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY

A.A. *****



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GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

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Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly in the Ballroom. Winter terms from 5 gns. 'Phone: 2234.

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Running water.

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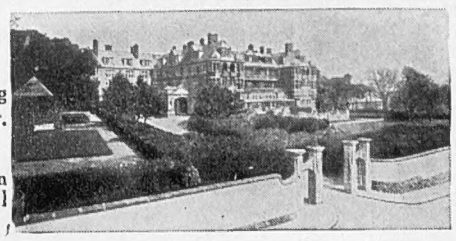


Self-contained Suites.

Rooms with private baths and toilets attached.

Billiards Lift

Vita Glass Sun Lounge

Lock-up Garages

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W. 2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

BRITAIN'S EXPANDING NAVY

(Continued from page 92)

when all possible effective units were collected in the Channel and North Sea, a fresh Training Squadron was formed out of the cruisers of the Edgar class and was based on Queenstown. When war broke out these ships became the original Tenth Cruiser Squadron and the behaviour of some of them in the Atlantic before they were replaced by armed liners suggests how narrowly the Navy escaped another *Atalanta* disaster.

The late Lord Beatty's memorandum of March, 1920, did not lay down any system for training boys, and for some time after the war they were usually drafted into ships in home waters; during the period of reduction their numbers were not sufficient to upset the balance of the ships' companies. The destroyers in the Firth of Forth were also used for that purpose.

In 1926 four battleships of the Iron Duke type—*Iron Duke*, *Benbow*, *Marlborough*, and *Emperor of India*—were withdrawn from the Mediterranean Fleet and formed the Third Battle Squadron, attached to the Atlantic Fleet, for the training of boys. Each ship generally carried about 400 boys who learned ship's routine while they continued their schooling and who generally stayed in the ship for about six months before going to the Mediterranean Fleet until they were qualified by age to be rated ordinary seamen. When the ships of the Third Battle Squadron were condemned under the London Naval Treaty the boys had to be trained in the seagoing squadrons, principally the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets, as the reserve of ships was too small to be of much service.

The officers who were responsible for the efficiency of the ships in very difficult circumstances were not at all keen on this big proportion of raw material. Not only was it necessary to tell off certain officers to supervise their training and their moral welfare, but discipline was much more difficult, both for the boys themselves and their seniors.

If the idea of the Training Squadron can be revived, it will be interesting to see what form it takes. The Admiralty has definitely decided, after very careful consideration, that it is entirely impracticable to build sail training ships like the German and Italian navies. Special training vessels may be built, but on the other hand the relief of the older cruisers, still modern enough to be useful, might well be considered sufficient to provide the necessary material. In that event the Admiralty might consider the revival of the old "Flying Squadron" idea which has been strongly advocated by many naval officers. Cruising on its own, apart from the ships on the various stations, it would have the opportunity of showing the flag to great advantage while the youngsters were seeing the world in a very attractive fashion, and this would give the station ships a better opportunity of exercising together than they have as a rule.

No consideration of the question of training lads for the Fleet, however, is complete without due weight being given to the wonderful service rendered by the private and local government training ships—*Arethusa*, *Warspite*, *Exmouth* and the like and, before them, the invaluable national service rendered by the Sea Cadet Corps which has been responsible for putting the idea of a naval life before lads who have turned out first-class seamen and a great asset to the Navy.

AIR RAIDS AND CIVILIANS

(Continued from page 108)

Much criticism has, quite properly, been directed at the delay which has taken place in the preparation of plans hitherto. But the Air Raid Precautions Department has done a great deal of valuable preliminary work. The manufacture of respirators for distribution to the civil population is making steady progress. The Anti-Gas School at Falfield is steadily training doctors, police, and others who will not only be able to give casualties appropriate treatment, but will be able to instruct others both in the treatment of victims and in the proper precautions to take to prevent injury by gas.

The pamphlets which the Department has prepared on such subjects as an Organisation of Air Raid Casualties Services, Emergency Fire Brigade Organisation, and Organisation of Decontamination Services, will be—in the case of the more enterprising authorities, already have been—of the greatest assistance to local authorities in the formulation of their schemes. Above all, the conception of the Air Raid Warden, who is trained both to help in any emergency and to pass on information to Fire Brigades, First Aid posts, and so forth, has provided the necessary link in an emergency between the private citizen and the technical services.

From the purely technical point of view, Air Raid Precautions appear to be in quite an advanced condition of preparedness.

The safety of the public, however, will depend not so much on technical knowledge as on local organisation. It is here, owing to the financial dispute between the Government and the local authorities that there has been delay. A certain number of individual authorities, notably at Southampton, have taken the initiative and achieved promising results; the "black-out" and exercise at Southampton last July were a great success, lessons of value to the whole country were learnt, and the authorities are pressing ahead with further plans. An example has been set and a precedent made available, but it is to be feared that administrative difficulties will be raised in those districts where, under the provisions of the Act, responsibility will be divided.

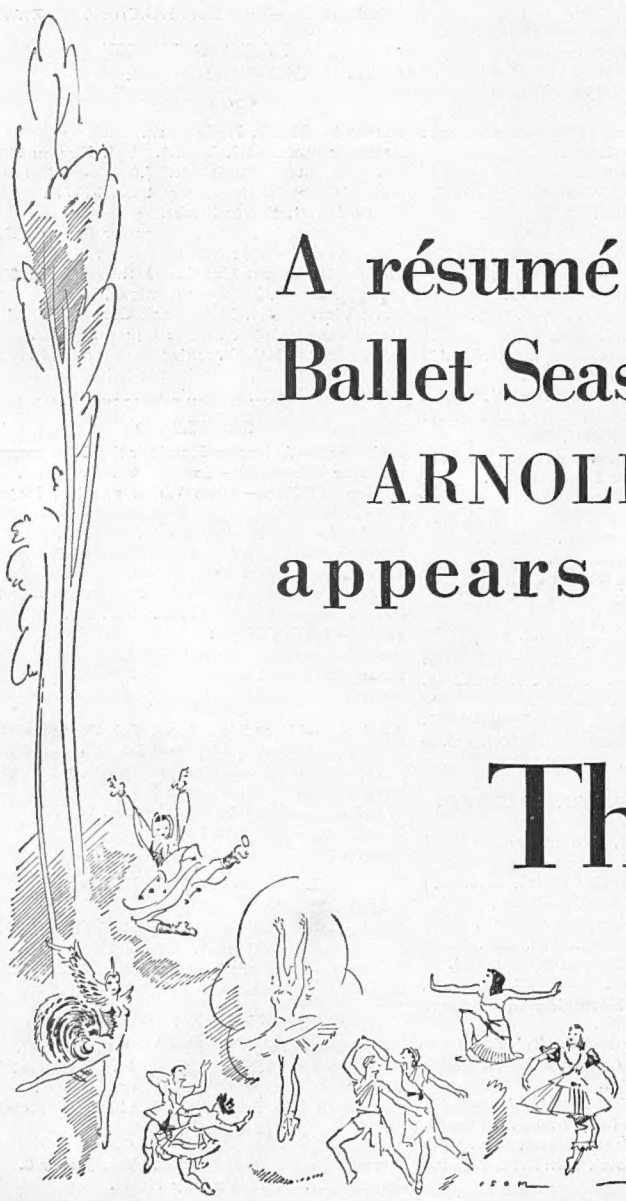
It is essential that these difficulties shall not be allowed to cause further delay. If improved anti-aircraft guns, and the balloon barrage which is arousing so much interest just now, make the prospect for the bomber less attractive than it has been that is no justification for the slightest relaxation of effort where "passive defence", as it is termed, is concerned. Effective air raid precautions have all the advantages of rearmament but more of its disadvantages; they make war less attractive to an aggressor, they do nothing to provoke thoughts of war in our neighbours by arousing fear.

W. T. Wells

CHRISTMASTIDE IN POLAND: Youths, wearing traditional costumes for the occasion, prodding with sticks another youth who is dressed to represent the Devil, and whom they force by their unceasing attentions to bow before a tiny shrine. This picture taken by a "Sphere" reader at Zakopane, illustrates only one of the many interesting Christmas customs still practised in Poland

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

THE above Society is urgently in need of funds to help them carry on the great work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls. In the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys of good character are being trained for a life at sea, and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades, and will always be employable. The girls are prepared for domestic service. Please send a donation to help carry on this National work of maintaining and training 1,200 poor children. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



A résumé of The Polish Ballet Season, written by

ARNOLD HASKELL

appears in this week's issue

(January 12 issue)

of

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Arnold Haskell's authoritative Reviews of the season's Ballet will appear regularly in The BYSTANDER.

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